

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



MRS. GEORGE GRAVES: MISS MADGE COMPTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE POPULAR COMEDIAN
TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

The many friends of Miss Madge Compton and Mr. George Graves, on and off the stage, have been much interested in the announcement of their marriage. The ceremony took place on Sept. 19, in Liverpool, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., acting as best man. Miss Madge Compton has been touring the provinces in "The Man from Toronto,"

taking the part of Mrs. Calthorpe, the widow who pretends to be her own parlour-maid, originally created in London by Miss Iris Hoey, and still being played by that actress at the Duke of York's. Mr. and Mrs. George Graves contemplate combining business with pleasure by a trip to Australia, shortly, and may be away for three or four months.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

The Kaiser's Ultimate Weapon.

When all else has failed him—when the Army has been captured in its entirety, and the Navy sunk in its entirety, and the Gothas crashed in their entirety—the Kaiser will fall back upon his powers of oratory. I have an idea that, even at the moment, he relies upon these powers to bring him a victorious peace. Naturally, he has had much encouragement. His audiences do not hiss, or cat-call, or groan, or boo, or even walk out. They sit through the speech, in neat rows, with earnest, attentive faces, and applaud like mad when the business is over.

This pays. It would not pay to boo the Kaiser. Not yet, at any rate. His henchmen would be on you like a knife. You would find yourself descending in the scale of life. Your friends would drop you, and the men with whom you once conducted business would give you a chilling shoulder. It is much safer, and easier, and more satisfying to the ambitious to applaud the speeches of the War Lord.

You remember what happened, only the other day, at Krupp's. The Kaiser began by talking of traitors to the Fatherland. Anybody who was not with the Fatherland was against it. So much for the First Point. Point Two: Anybody who was against the Fatherland would be punished. He would be hounded down. His life would be a burden to him. Point Three: Let those in the audience who were prepared to support the Fatherland to the finish say so in a very emphatic manner. What would you expect of such an audience, all picked men, with numbers? Anyway, it yelled "Yes" as hard as it could jolly well yell.

Swaying a Multitude.

Such a result, I suppose, proved very gratifying to the Kaiser. He would preen himself on the magnificent effect of his oratory. He would listen to the compliments of his Ministers, of his personal staff, of his friends, of his son. "Sire," they would say, "you sway men's hearts as the wind from heaven sways the standing corn." "Gentlemen," the Kaiser would reply, "I do. That is my form of propaganda. Is it possible, do you suppose, that we should lose this war so long as I am able to talk like that?" And they would assure him, with their big hands on their little hearts, that it was not.

Here you have one explanation of the Kaiser's blindness. If he really believes, as he has every reason to believe, that he can sway Germany with the golden eloquence he so adores, why should he bother though the war be lost? He would remain, and he would explain. My hat, how he would explain! At any rate, that is what he thinks. But there will be a sorry awakening. The mood of his audiences will change in the strangest manner. Flaming swords and mailed fists will leave them quite, quite cold.

And then some untutored ruffian will spring to his feet—some rapscallion who never learnt to round a period or to collaborate with the Almighty—and he will mouth out a few simple sentences

that will stir the multitude to an astonishing degree. He will have no platform, no red baize, no flowers, no glass of water, no band, no sword, no uniform, no staff, no flags. But his success will amaze the poor deluded Kaiser. He will feel terribly small. The name of God will avail him no longer. The people will no longer believe in the relationship. And then . . .

Good News for Lonely Voyagers.

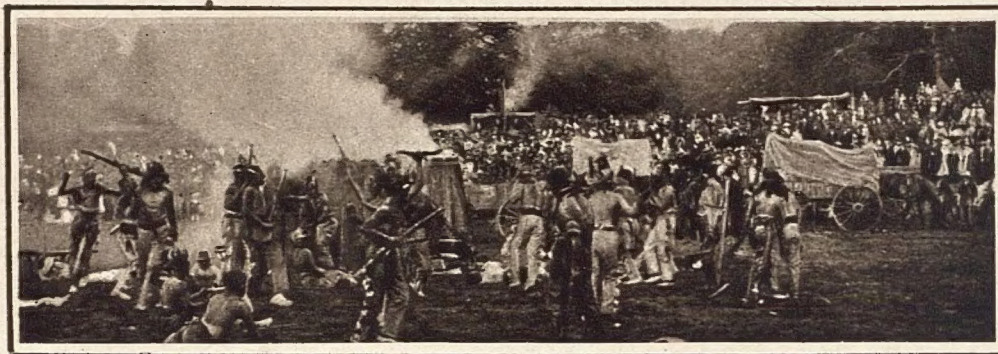
I am delighted to learn, on the authority of the ever alert and interesting "Observer," that a society has been formed in Liverpool for waving farewell to lonely passengers. It is a sweet notion, and has my kindest blessing.

The society is limited, at present, to a few very young people. "Observer" goes so far as to call them "urchins," but this seems a little harsh. Anybody who could think of waving farewell, even for a monetary consideration, to an entire stranger must be something more than an urchin. He may have an urchin's frame, but the heart and the imagination

are those of a poet. "Observer" does not give the tariff, but I expect it reads rather on this wise—

One Good Wave, 6d.; Two Good Waves, 9d.; One White Handkerchief (with wave), 1s. 6d.; One Stifled Sob (with wave), 2s.; One Flood of Tears (no waves), 3s.; Continuous Wave till out of Sight, 3s. 6d.; Flood of Tears ending in Total Collapse, 4s.

And other extras according to arrangement.



SPORTS FOR THE RED CROSS: A CHEERY SCENE IN KIDBROOKE PARK.

The sports held recently at Kidbrooke Park, the Sussex seat of Sir James Horlick, D.L., J.P., were a great success from the sports point of view, and must also have substantially benefited the funds of the Red Cross.

Photograph by Kinsey, East Grinstead.



SPORTS FOR THE RED CROSS: MR. JOHN HASSALL SKETCHES IN KIDBROOKE PARK.

Our photograph shows the artist and one of his humorous sketches, sold for the Red Cross funds. Major Devitt, the organiser of the sports, is seen on the left. The participants in the different events were from a Reserve Brigade, R.F.A.

Photograph by Kinsey, East Grinstead.

CONVERSATIONS RECORDED

(For the Benefit of Posterity.)

"SOCIAL SUCCESS IN 1918."

"Where are you off to, darling?"

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Fitzbissicks."

"My dear!"

"What's the matter?"

"That woman! Surely you know that nobody knows her!"

"Don't they, though? That's just where you're behind the times, my love. She's all the rage!"

"Mrs. Fitzbissicks? All the rage? What nonsense!"

"It's perfectly true. I shall find her drawing-room crowded."

"Has she come into a huge fortune?"

"Oh, no. Nothing of that sort."

"But I can't understand it."

She has no manners. She's plain to a degree. The children are hideous. Her husband's a pig. The house is atrocious. And they're suspected of being food-hoarders! And yet you tell me she's all the rage! Have you gone mad, my love, or are you merely indulging in very stupid persiflage?"

"I was never more serious. If you'll promise not to breathe a word, I'll tell you the reason. But swear not to let it go any further!"

"I solemnly swear!"

"Very well. (Whispers) She can give you a personal introduction to the Coal Controller!"

THE LATEST ACTRESS-MANAGER: OPEN-AIR STUDIES.



CLASSICAL HERE—BUT TO BE A DASHING SOUTH AMERICAN SOMEWHERE: MISS GINA PALERME.

Miss Gina Palerme, already well known to Londoners, more especially by her work at the Adelphi and at the Palace, is about to become an actress-manager. She is to begin her season before the end of the year—at a West End theatre not yet announced—with an entirely new version of "La Petite Chocolatière," which, it will be remembered, Mr. Michael Morton adapted under the title of "Tantalising Tommy." The new

version is to be called "His Nibs." The libretto is by Captain H. M. Harwood and Miss F. Tennyson Jesse; the score is by Messrs. Howard Carr and Bernard Rolt. The comedy scenes will be stage-managed by Mr. Charles Hawtrey. The original heroine has now become a dashing South American lady. Miss Palerme was seen at a Court matinée in "La Petite Chocolatière."—[Photographs by C.N.]



Joyful Joy.

The girl of the period, in the lively person of my youthful relative Miss Joy Ryde, has been having the time of her life. She has had an exhilarating conversation with the Prime Minister; she has seen Miss Doris Keane in a new play, and—the greatest joy of all—she has sat next to Lady Diana Manners at a dinner-party. No wonder Joy talks already about writing her Reminiscences.

An Army Chat.

She blew into my rooms recently, disturbing the restful peace of a Sunday afternoon with a hurricane swish of petticoats, and full to the lips with exclamations and notes of interrogation. "Isn't the Prime Minister just sweet?" she began. "Isn't he lovely? I hope this illness isn't serious! He was so charming, so absolutely charming, when I was introduced to him just before he went up to that horrid Manchester! Of course, I am not surprised that he is ill—not a bit! Anyone might expect to be ill who goes to Manchester! I went there once myself when I was a



A FOXY FEAT.

"A fox, having eaten his fill of ducks caught on a Lancashire farm, buried two with their legs sticking out of the ground as guides. When he returned the following night, the farmer met him with his gun, and the four-legged food-hoarder paid the extreme penalty."—*Daily Paper.*

baby, and three weeks after I had the measles! Lloyd George told me quite a lot about the Army—lots and lots of things that I never knew before!"

"Eric Bright Eyes."

At this moment the voluble Joy was interrupted by the metallic tinkle-tinkle of the telephone. I took down the receiver, and discovered that Sir Eric Geddes was rushing across England in a special train, and was deeply anxious to meet myself and a few other selected persons at No. 10, Downing Street. So I put on my best hat and best manners, told Joy to drink the tea and eat the cucumber-sandwiches by herself, and departed for Whitehall. Sir Eric arrived in a series of pants, mopping the perspiration from his brow in a manner which made me think of Captain Cuttle—who, by the way, I did not see at the Dickens Fête. Sir Eric had just left



APPOINTED THE KING'S CLOCKMAKER IN SCOTLAND: LIEUT.-COL. EDWARD J. INCHES, D.S.O.
Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.



A WELL-KNOWN RACING MOTORIST RECENTLY WOUNDED: LIEUT.-COL. WARWICK WRIGHT, R.A.F., D.S.O.
Photograph by Foulham and Banfield, Ltd.



THE WOMEN'S POLICE FORCE: TWO OF ITS HEADS—COMMANDANT DAMER DAWSON AND COMMANDER WALTON.
Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

the Prime Minister's bedside at Manchester, and told us what Lloyd George thought about Austria's precious peace proposals. In a few stinging sentences Sir Eric turned down Austria "good and hard," and for once in a way we all walked out of Downing Street wiser and happier men than we had entered. The fighting spirit of the Government was stimulating to us.

Of course, I had to take Joy to "Roxana," as Doris Keane has been the heroine of her dreams ever since she first saw that lady in the black velvet crinoline of "Romance." I

took Joy round to congratulate Miss Keane on her performance after the show, and, among other things, we talked about love and marriage. "I think January is the happiest of all months

for brides," said the beautiful Doris. "All last January the theatre was full of young girls about to be married or just married to young soldiers, and I played 'Romance' at my best, because I, too, feel the appeal of January. I played to and for them. Brides choose their months less casually than before; I chose Jan. 3 because the first month is the month for marriage, "3" is a psychic number representing the Trinity, and Thursday is the day on which all good things happen to me."

A Romantic Episode.

Here is a wonderful and true story. Some time ago a

copy of a highly popular weekly journal which I am too modest to mention reached the millionaire owner of a ranche

in Brazil, 700 miles from the coast. One of the pictures which impressed the rancher was the photograph of Miss Doris Keane in "Romance," and he decided he would like to have an oil-painting of the actress in character. He communicated with his agents, who in turn communicated

with the bankers, who commissioned Frederick Harrison, the well-known artist, to paint the portrait. This was done without a sitting, and finally the bank manager suggested Miss Keane should see it and pass judgment. A few days later it was shipped to Brazil. A romantic episode.



WOMAN AS PREACHER: MISS MAUDE ROYDEN.

Miss Royden, preaching recently at the City Temple, afterwards invited questions, which were discussed.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Dickens Fare.

We had a banquet of Dickens served up hot and strong at the Botanical Gardens. That ardent Dickensian Mr. Bransby Williams was here, there, and everywhere, in a striking costume of the early Dickens period. Sydney Fairbrother made a perfect Poor Joe, and pretty Miss Marjorie Gordon a very ethereal Oliver Twist. Having seen Peggy Primrose in a crinoline, I shall never forgive myself for not having been born in an age when they were the fashion. A number of Society folk showed any amount of curiosity in



HOME RAILWAYS, PLEASE COPY!

"French railway companies have organised elocution lessons for the porters whose duty it is to cry out the names of the stations as the trains come in."—*Daily Paper.*

Mrs. Edward Hulton's Old Curiosity Shop. Mrs. Hulton seems to grow more handsome every year. I remember her when she was a girl of seventeen, and she has changed very little in appearance since those days. One of the events of the afternoon was the "arrest" of Lord Chaplin by a couple of "Peelers." Quite a lot of people walked through the streets to the Botanical Gardens in their Dickens clothes, and I noticed that the youth of the town displayed comparatively little interest in their garments. This is a sign of the times. London has grown used to strange costumes and uniforms since the war.



A GIFT TO THE RETIRING AMERICAN AMBASSADOR: A GEORGE IV. GOLD VASE PRESENTED TO DR. PAGE. The vase was presented by the committee representing British Societies who have been working for Anglo-American friendship. Photograph by L.N.A.

"Hen" Parties.

One of the features of the moment has been the number of girls of the best set who are entertaining on their own. They give the jolliest little luncheon parties, with all the viands that the rationing law will allow. After the manner of a Royal Highness, the young girl of the period has her own suite of rooms, not to speak of her own maids, and when she entertains she borrows a couple of her mother's servants. It is understood that these "hen" parties were introduced by Lady Diana Manners. Talking of Lady Diana, whom I



LET US SPRAY! "Mr. Heaven, an allotment-holder at Newport (Mon.), has lifted a potato wearing a pair of spectacles, the bridge resting across the middle of the potato in which it is embedded. The glasses are unbroken."—Daily Paper.

saw lunching with her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, the other day at the Ritz, there is a rumour that she intends to revive the "wimple" veil. I remember seeing her some two years ago with a veil which was wound over her head and swathed her chin. It was striking, but not pretty, as the pretty lady discovered, for she only wore it once.

German Oculists. An engineer friend of mine, who in the British retreat this spring blew up a certain bridge before the German advance, was brought to Charing Cross Hospital with a bullet in his head. The bullet, which entered the left side of his face, was extracted. "This is splendid!" said the engineer a few days ago. "My left eye was always dicky, but now I can see perfectly with it! Good old Huns—they were always great scientists!"



WHERE HE REPLIED TO THE AUSTRIAN PEACE NOTE: MR. BALFOUR AT THE LUNCHEON TO OVERSEAS PRESSMEN AT THE SAVOY HOTEL. Photograph by C.N.

In Memory of Max.

It is not often that I write in a tone of regret or sorrow about an enemy, but I cannot refrain from a kindly word in memory of Max Linder, the famous film comedian, who was killed quite early in the war. A neutral friend of his brought me a souvenir of Max in the shape of a caricature a few days ago. It seems only yesterday that Max was nearly drowned with Gaby Deslys—who is not dead, as some of our sensational friends would have had us

believe, but is, in fact, very much alive after a taxi-cab accident.

Nearly Drowned. Cheery Max had given a dinner-party at a riverside villa to a number of friends, and after dinner the party went on the landing-stage with the intention of rowing across the river. The landing-stage gave way, and all the party were thrown into the river. Gaby and Max Linder were rescued last of all, just as people began to think they were lost. But he lived to fight and die on another day.

Author by Trade.

A certain officer friend of mine who is working in the New Army told me the other day that, to assist him in selecting scouts from his company, he distributed among them slips containing several appropriate questions. One of them was, "Can you write?" "Yes—author by trade," was the answer that appeared on one of the slips.



PAPER CLOTHING FOR GERMANS: A SPECIMEN OF THE MATERIAL USED AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOL AND COTTON. Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.

A French Rumour.

There have been a lot of stories floating about during the week in connection with Lord French. Lady Lymelyght, who is perfectly certain that she knows everything about everything at least twenty-four hours before anybody else, is assured that we shall soon receive some remarkable news in connection with England's most popular General.

The Kaiser's Psalm.

There are two verses in the fifty-fifth Psalm which it is difficult to believe were written before the Kaiser was born. They are the twentieth and twenty-first verses, and read: "He hath put forth his hands against such as are at peace with him; he hath broken his covenant. The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords."

A Gold-Toothed General.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who took such a lot of interest in the American Ambulance

at Neuilly in the early days of the war, tells me an amusing story of a stalwart Turco who had been badly knocked about and had lost two teeth. Mrs. Vanderbilt told him she would have him seen to by an American

dentist. When the Turco learnt that he was to get a couple of gold filled teeth he could hardly believe it. "What!" he exclaimed. "Me to have two gold teeth? When I get back to the regiment they'll make me a General."

THE WORLDLING.



THE DRURY LANE PAGEANT—A SUGGESTION. "Mr. Louis N. Parker's 'Pageant of Drury Lane Theatre,' to be given on September 27, promises to have a strong dress as well as dramatic interest."—Daily Paper. It is to be hoped the Leno period will not be omitted.

SMALL TALK



MOST people will agree with Bishop Ridgeway in his decision that life in a cottage with coal is better than existence in a palace without it. It is a far cry from the episcopal splendour of Salisbury Palace to the frugal simplicity of a cottage at Broadstone, but the Bishop is not one to be affected by trifles of that kind. A man who will, as his Lordship is reputed to have done, play tennis quite happily with a bat whose deficiencies in the string line were mended with twine is equal to anything.

The Latest Engagement. Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck ap-

parently holds with the war-time habit of brief engagements. Her marriage to Captain Michael John Erskine Wemyss will, it is announced, take place "shortly," and Society is busy speculating as to the probable scene of so interesting an event. Lord Titchfield, unlike most bridegrooms, was married at his own home, in the underground chapel at Welbeck built by his famous and somewhat eccentric kinsman; and there is a likelihood that his sister may elect to follow his example. On the other hand, her mother's close friendship with Queen Alexandra, to whom she acts as Mistress of the Robes, suggests the possibility of the event coming off in London, if the Queen-Mother, who is almost certain to wish to be present, does not feel equal to the journey to Welbeck.

Patriotic Work. Society has not seen much of the bride-elect (who, by the way, made her debut earlier than most girls in order to help entertain King Edward and Queen Alexandra during their stay at Welbeck) since the war. Neither nursing nor charity-matinée programme-selling appears to have attracted Lady Victoria, whose desire to "help" has taken the very practical form of work in an aircraft factory not far from London. Very few of her fellow-workers suspected the identity of the tall, quiet, self-possessed girl until Royal recognition—it happened when the King visited the place—"gave away" her secret. But, even so, Lady Victoria managed to evade the publicity she had always done her best to avoid. Very few of the enterprising journalists who tried to see her were able to secure an interview. The one or two who did manage to secure a few minutes' conversation obtained no more "copy" than was already known.

Forging New Ties. The marriage, by - the - bye, forges fresh

links between three notable Peerage families. Though the Bentincks owe their elevation to the ranks of the titled to the gratitude of William III., the family belongs to the

ancient nobility of the Duchy of Guelder. Captain Wemyss, connected through his father with the Earl of that name, is related on his mother's side to the Premier Marquess of England, his Lordship of Winchester.

Her Burden.

Mention of Queen Alexandra is a reminder of the terrible anxieties that the Queen-Mother has had to endure during the last few weeks. The Royal Family as

a whole have shared with their subjects the hardships, inconveniences and sorrows that war always brings in its train. But Queen Alexandra has had the war brought home to her in a rather more personal and intimate way than the rest of her family, with the exception of Princess Beatrice. She has seen one nephew deposed, and the son of a favourite sister murdered with every circumstance of brutality. At the moment of writing there is no contradiction of the statement that his whole family have shared the same fate. At such times even the sympathy of an entire nation is scarcely capable of bringing comfort.



MARRIED ON SEPT. 14: LIEUTENANT EDWIN JONES, R.N.V.R.—
MRS. HENRY MEIKLEJOHN.

Lieutenant Edwin Jones, whose wedding to Mrs. Meiklejohn took place on Sept. 14, is in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Mrs. Meiklejohn (Mrs. Edwin Jones) is the widow of the late Major Henry Meiklejohn, V.C.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W.
H. KIRBY, M.C.: MISS NORA
HASLOCH.

Miss Nora Hasloch, whose engagement to Captain W. H. Kirby, M.C., R.E., is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hasloch, of Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey. Captain Kirby is the third son of the late Mr. R. J. Kirby, of Tokyo, Japan.—Miss Beatrice Joan Lemprière is the second daughter of the late Mr. John Lemprière, of Melbourne, Australia, and of Mrs. Lemprière, of Philbeach Gardens, S.W. Lieutenant-Colonel Blount, M.C., The Queen's and R.A.F., is the son of the late Major C. H. Blount, R.A., and of Mrs. Blount, of Felixstowe.

Photographs by Bassano.



TO WED: MR. DOUGLAS L. MCKENZIE FEARN—MISS BERTHA G.
NISBET.

Mr. Douglas Fearn is a son of the late Major G. H. Fearn, I.M.S., and Mrs. Fearn, of Panchgani, India. Miss Nisbet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Nisbet, of Verona, Wilbury Crescent, Hove—[Photographs by Bassano.]



An Adaptable Judge.

It will not be easy to fill the place of the

late Sir Samuel Evans, for he largely made it himself. The success with which he carried out the onerous duties of Prize Judge was, in fact, a great testimonial to his adaptability. Great common-sense, united with a very acute reasoning faculty, carried him through a most difficult task. I have never been able to understand why he was universally known at the Bar as "Sam." The diminutive implies someone of the "jolly good fellow" kind of popularity, whereas Sir Samuel Evans was a particularly dignified man, who knew, on occasion, how to be severe.

A Loss to Public Life.

Lord Alexander Thynne, whose death by wounds

will be generally regretted in Society and at the House of Commons, was emphatically one of our serious aristocrats. Seriousness, indeed, is rather characteristic of the family of which the Marquess of Bath is the head; it goes with the good looks of the race. The late Marquess, who was long Chairman of everything in the county way in Wiltshire, was grave dignity personified; it was a liberal education to hear him deliver a sentence or ruling. Lord Alexander had much experience of active service before he went to the front, and took his military duties most seriously; he had been in France almost since the outbreak of war. He was a conscientious County Councillor for Greenwich, and one of the most promising of the younger members of the Conservative Party.

EDWIN DROOD'S BETROTHED AT THE DICKENS FETE: ROSA BUD.



A DICKENS HEROINE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS FETE FOR BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS: MISS RUBY MILLER AS ROSA BUD, WITH RENÉ LISTER AS HER PAGE.

Readers of Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," will recall that Rosa Bud and Edwin Drood were betrothed in childhood, but on growing up decided to be only "brother and sister." Rosa was at school at Cloisterham, where Edwin stayed with his uncle, John Jasper. There they met two young people from Ceylon, Neville Landless

and his sister Helen. Edwin became attached to Helen and Neville to Rosa, but Edwin—and Neville quarrel. Edwin disappeared, and Neville was suspected of murdering him. Other photographs of the Dickens Fete appear on a double-page in this Number. Every personality has a distinct interest for Dickensians.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

SEEN, BUT NOT HEARD: CARUSO MUTE—ON THE MOVIES.



RECENTLY MARRIED, AND SAID TO BE RECEIVING \$100,000 FOR EVERY PICTURE-PLAY ENGAGEMENT:
CARUSO AS A FILM ACTOR IN "MY COUSIN."

Two items of news about Caruso have transpired. One was that of his recent marriage to Miss Dorothy Benjamin, daughter of a well-known New York lawyer. The other is his appearance on the films—at a fee, it is said, of 100,000 dollars for every picture-play in which he figures.

Our photographs show him in one called "My Cousin," an Artcraft production, in which he takes the part of a poor sculptor, Tomasso, who, on the strength of being related to a famous tenor, woos a rich Italian's lovely daughter, Rosa (played by Miss Carolina White).

A GOOD GAME FOR THE AUDIENCE: THE RING-CATCHER.



A MIDNIGHT FROLICKER OF NEW YORK: MISS EVANGELINE MARSCHALCK, AS A WALKING RING GAME.

Miss Evangeline Marschalck appears in this costume in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic on the top of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. The audience is invited to throw the rings for her to catch on her cane. Collaboration between players and playgoers is not unknown in London

shows of the lighter sort; but this ingenious idea seems to carry the practice a step beyond anything we have been used to so far in this country, and it suggests a good many interesting developments, calling, also, for adroitness of eye and hand.

Photograph by Frisler and Andrews, New York.



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL.

Miss Cecilia Keppel is the daughter of Captain Viscount Bury, Scots Guards, M.C., eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle, who has served with distinction in the war. She was born in 1910.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

'Destruction to the gormandising grown-up company.' When was there a time when people did not say how much improved was the position of children in it? Surely by now perfection must have been won! And Sir Nevil was not spoilt by his indulgences, although he laughingly explains to strangers sometimes that Macready rhymes with greedy and not with Freddy.

Regality everywhere and *Égalité*. a welcome guest, has been among recent visitors at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin. People who thought that smartness must depart from Dublin with Lady Wimborne's dimple, and that a military Lord-Lieutenancy meant a quite grim one, have shared the happily general fate of pessimists—they have turned out to be wrong. Among other guests, Lord and Lady Londonderry and Lord Castlereagh came from the North, like Lady

GENERAL Sir Nevil Macready has a corner of his bookcase to which he is particularly attached. It shelves (but not in the slang sense of the word) the writings of and about his father's dear friend, Charles Dickens. The only tragic actor of the middle of the last century whose name remains with us, Macready was the devoted father of a large family. In 1867, when the new Chief Commissioner of Police was five years old, Dickens wrote a letter to Clarkson Stanfield in which he said; "Macready's boy, by his second marriage, is a jolly little fellow, and leads a far easier life than the children you and I remember, who used to come in at dessert and have each a biscuit and a glass of water, in which last refreshment I was always convinced that they drank, with the gloomiest malignity,

used to explain, with a gesture of pride in their royal house. And then, to help the hesitating Englishman out, they would suggest that the British soldier went into action calling out "Victoria." The cry of "Allah," strangely heard from both sides in some of the battles of the present war, has no counterpart among Western nations: and the French "En avant" gives as little expression to a picturesque piety or patriotism as the English "hurrah." A romantic queen's name might offer an opportunity to an army of men: but then, a queen must be christened accordingly. Victoria had its own obvious suitability. Perhaps it could be bettered only by one name in current use—Gloria. Names, by the way, have a vogue. The reign of Gladys, Muriel, and May is succeeded by that of Anne. Gloria may yet become a fashion where now



AT THE ADMIRALTY: MISS MARGARET CECIL.

Miss Cecil is the elder daughter of the Right Hon. Evelyn Cecil, P.C., M.P., and grand-daughter of Lord Eustace Cecil, uncle of the Marquess of Salisbury. Before going to the Admiralty she had done much nursing work.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

it is only a freak, though a very pretty one, as witness Lady Gloria Fane and Lady Glory Vaughan, Lady Lisburne's little girl, who has just been presented with her first baby-brother.

Babes in the War. What children actually can do without!

A very young generation is growing up estranged from the taste of chocolate. Gone are the sweets placed in happier days on pillows as "signs," or administered as "plaster" after any slight accident in the nursery. The juvenile palate is establishing a new standard of sweetness which brings with it its own compensations. Dishes that would once have been voted "sour" are now accepted as almost luscious. The welcome fact is that the young people, like the old, suffer very little from



PRINCESS MARY AT WINDSOR: DRIVING HER FAVOURITE WHITE HORSES.

The King's daughter is, before all else, an "open-air" girl and a skilful driver. The Princess is accompanied by the Hon. Mabel Gye, one of Queen Mary's Maids of Honour, a niece of Viscount Bridport. A glimpse of the grounds at Windsor Castle is given in our photograph.

Photograph by C.N.

these denials of daily indulgences: and the expressions of pity sometimes poured forth to the denizens of nurseries void of nougat and nice cakes are quite superfluous. Let commiseration be kept for cases that really call for it. Such, for instance, is the lot of the children, now a pathetic and quite large company, whose fathers fell in the war before they were born. Perhaps their case is only less hard than that of the young children who lose fathers they already knew and loved. There are the twins Denis and Sheelah, aged ten, and their younger brother and sister, the children of Lord Alfred Browne. Their case is especially pitiful, for their mother died only a few days before their father fell in the recent fighting. Such happenings are among the tragedies of the war, and, unhappily, they do not stand alone.

Glory Be! Many years ago Englishmen in Italy used to be asked what was the English battle-cry. We shout "Savoia," Italians

these denials of daily indulgences: and the expressions of pity sometimes poured forth to the denizens of nurseries void of nougat and nice cakes are quite superfluous. Let commiseration be kept for cases that really call for it. Such, for instance, is the lot of the children, now a pathetic and quite large company, whose fathers fell in the war before they were born. Perhaps their case is only less hard than that of the young children who lose fathers they already knew and loved. There are the twins Denis and Sheelah, aged ten, and their younger brother and sister, the children of Lord Alfred Browne. Their case is especially pitiful, for their mother died only a few days before their father fell in the recent fighting. Such happenings are among the tragedies of the war, and, unhappily, they do not stand alone.



A DAUGHTER OF A PEER AS NURSE: THE HON. GERTRUDE BUTLER-MASSEY.

Miss Butler-Massey is a daughter of Baron Clarina by his second wife. Her mother was Miss Sophia Butler, daughter of the late Mr. J. Butler, D.L., of Castle Crine, Co. Clare, and died in 1912.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.



A WAR-WORKER FOR FOUR CHILDREN: VISCOUNTESS GRIMSTON.

Lady Grimston, wife of the son and heir of the Earl of Verulam, wishes to hear from girls who would like to train as nurses at the Shoreditch Day Nursery—work which leads to an after-war career.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: A PAGE OF INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.



CONGRATULATED UPON THE BIRTH OF
A DAUGHTER: LADY EDWARD HAY.



A KEEN WAR-WORKER: THE HON.
VERA GAGE.



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER:
MISS K. H. KIRWIN.

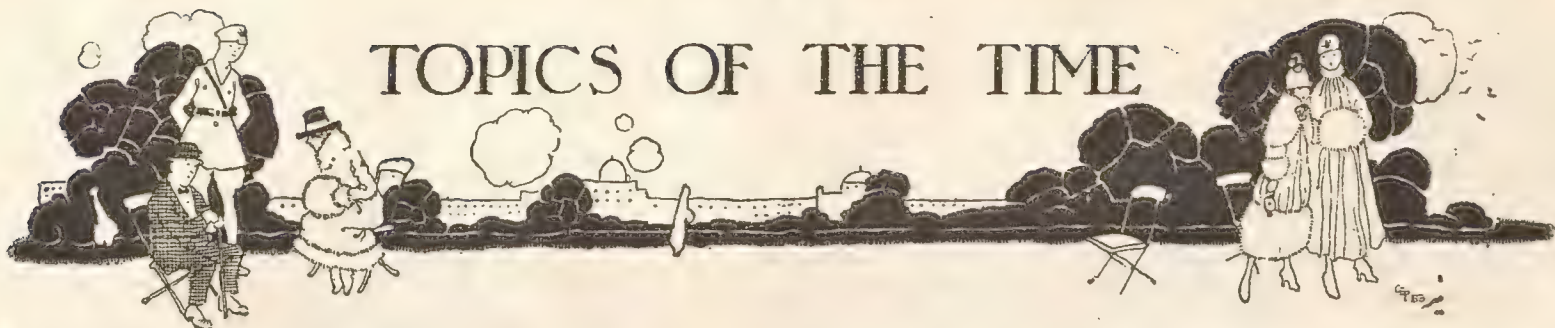


WIFE OF THE COUNCILLOR TO THE SWEDISH
LEGATION: MRS. BOSTROM, WITH HER DAUGHTERS.

Lady Edward Hay is the wife of Lieutenant Lord Edward Hay, Grenadier Guards, brother of the Marquess of Tweeddale. She is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Barclay, wife of Captain Cameron Barclay, and sister of Lord Decies.—The Hon. Vera Benedicta Gage is the sister of Viscount Gage, who is a Captain in the Coldstream

Guards. She has been doing canteen and other work for the war.—Miss K. H. Kirwin is the daughter of Brigadier-General Bertram Richard Kirwin, C.B., C.M.G.—Mrs. Bostrom, of whom, with her two daughters, we give a charming new picture, is the wife of Mr. Wöllmar Bostrom, M.V.O., Councillor to the Swedish Legation in London.

Photographs by Lallie Charles, Elliott and Fry, and Swaine.



YOU and I are to hide the poker.

Upon a chill December night, in nineteen hundred one-and-eight, I sat in single-candle-light and worked beside a cheerless grate. Jack Frost with crimson paint had popped a life-like cherry on my nose; and draughts around my feet had stopped the circulation of my toes. But, tempted as I was, I cried, "That poker I must surely hide!"

From out a slatish slab of coal a plume of smoke sedately came; and oh, I longed with all my soul to split the thing and make a flame! Nor flash nor flare of any sort relieved the black beneath my gaze; and Fancy missed the precious sport of finding faces in the blaze. Still I resolved, though sorely tried, the poker of my grate to hide. I could not see that poker there, and yet my resolution keep, and so I took it then and there, and buried it some inches deep! And had that moment called Sir Guy, to see fulfilled his pet desire, he would have found, with saddened eye, my poker buried in the fire! (No man could say, unless he lied, that I my poker did not hide!)

A further indication that everything is upside-down in Germany comes in the news that the Hindenburg statue in Berlin is boarded up.

Though thorough to the last degree as savages and rubbish-makers, the Germans do not seem to be the most successful undertakers. For Hindenburg their job's the worst that e'er aroused a joiner's laughter. *They went and drove the nails in first, and put the wood around him after!*



EACH WITH ITS FRONT GARDEN: A STREET OF NISSEN HUTS AT A BRITISH CONVALESCENT DEPÔT IN FRANCE.—[Official Photograph.]

"We did not, therefore, fight out the battle to a finish, but carried out the movements which had been contemplated."—(Ludendorff Day by Day.)

A Dachshund with a Bulldog fought, and, having lost the day, the shelter of his house he sought and fainted right away. And when his wits he had regained he let his Master know the facts, and carefully explained, "You see, I planned it so. A knock-out bite I've always hated, and so I bunked—as contemplated!"

The strike fashion is getting a bit nauseous. I hope I may not live long enough to meet, as men and women, the children who went on strike because they thought the Government was not

paying them enough for picking blackberries! What utterly detestable citizens they are on the way to become! Picking blackberries! The joy of it—to some children! And picking blackberries for making jam for the soldiers who are laying down their lives for their safety to-day and their freedom in the future! Ugh! The horrid little brutes!

Oh, Mother Strike, thy soul how sour! Thy milk how rank and thin! What do ye at the bed-time hour thy baby's love to win? What tales are told, what games are tried, his feeble smile to keep? What sing ye at the cradle-side to send thy babe to sleep?



CAPTURED AT BAGHDAD, NOW ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: "RAJIM-I-JAN-RUMIYYA"—AN OLD PERSIAN GUN.

This ancient Persian gun was captured from the Turks by the British troops at their entry into Baghdad on March 11, 1917, and was sent to the King by Sir Stanley Maude. It dates from 1547, and has an inscription ending, "It sets the world of the Turks on fire."

Photograph by L.N.A.

Oh, Mother Strike, in chamber grim and practical and chill, methinks I hear ye sing to him the Workmen's Wages Bill! I doubt it is a nursery lay: "you would not see its 'sense'!"—unless the "Song of Sixpence," say, were changed to Eighteenpence!

Oh, Mother Strike, how sour thy boy's peaked countenance—how cold! He'll lead a strike of woollen toys before he's three months old! Take care his head you do not fill with lucre-lore too tight, or he'll present his weekly bill for kissing you at night!

The colour-scheme of the new ration-books which are to be distributed for use next month is supremely cheerful and proportionately enlightening. Lard coupons are brown; green and blue stand for meat; margarine is represented by light-blue, as also is butter: a somewhat dirty yellow is rather out of the picture in really suggesting sugar: and there are two spare pages, dumb as yet on the subject of their uses, which are green and strawberry respectively. The scheme has been thought out carefully.

"Two ounces of our Vandyke lard? Ah, yes; the coupon brown is here! I must confess, in this regard, the scheme is beautifully clear! You'll find our meat is blue and green—so smart to guess the proper hue! And, similarly, margarine and butter are a Cambridge blue! We're glad to have—'twas time, no doubt—a book so cleverly thought out!

"Some sugar? There you get me beet! 'Tis here I face a problem tough! You see, this dirty yellow sheet so clearly represents the stuff! It is the one misleading hue that vexes the poor tradesmen's souls—except, perhaps, the green for glue, or else the strawberry for coals! But, looking broadly at the thing, it's pretty good considering.

A. B. M.

MISS LONDON RURALISES: A THAMES-SIDE "BOX O' TRICKS."



WHERE FRUIT FOR HOSPITALS COMES FROM: MISS CICELY DEBENHAM, OF THE HIPPODROME, ON HER FARM AT SHEPPERTON.

Miss Cicely Debenham, now leading lady in "Box o' Tricks," at the Hippodrome, in one scene of which she appears as Miss London, runs a farm at Shepperton, from which she sends fruit for the wounded in hospital. In the top left-hand photograph she is seen (on the left) with

her sister Dorothy, of "Yes, Uncle!" picking blackberries, and again in the lower photograph on the left with Miss Norah Swinburne, also of "Yes, Uncle!" In the upper right-hand photograph she is seen picking pears. The others show her feeding her chickens and her two pigs, Black and White.

Photographs by News Illustrations Co.

A DICKENS CARNIVAL: OLD FRIENDS MASQUERADE



A "BLEAK HOUSE" CHARACTER: MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS POOR JO.



AN "OLIVER TWIST" INCIDENT: THE ARREST
OF THE ARTFUL DODGER (MR. FRED FARREN).



MR. MICAWBER (MR.
STARELEIGH (MR.



LUCIE MANETTE (MISS E. SOUTHGATE) AND
SYDNEY CARTON (MR. HAYDEN COFFIN).



THE BRIDE OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY:
MADLINE BRAY (MISS PEGGY PRIMROSE).



NANCY SIKES' (MISS)
OLIVER TWIST (MI)

There was a regular Dickens carnival at the Royal Botanic Gardens, last Tuesday, the 17th, when there was held the Dickens Fete and Fair in aid of the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, to be established at St. Leonards under the joint auspices of the Dickens Fellowship and Sir Arthur Pearson's Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Hostels. Many well-known people of Society and the Stage took part in the proceedings, which

Photographs by C.N., Topical, Illustrations Bureau, Fanti

ING IN AID OF BLINDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.



W. H. BERRY; JUSTICE
BRANSBY WILLIAMS).



HALED BEFORE "THE COURT NOW SITTING":
THE ARREST OF VISCOUNT CHAPLIN.



SERGEANT SNUBBIN (MR. CHARLES PALMER)
AND SERGEANT BUZFUZ (MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY).



HELEN TEMPLE) AND
MARJORIE GORDON).



A "BARNABY RUDGE" CHARACTER:
DOLLY VARDEN (MISS EVELYN LAYE).



AN "EDWIN DROOD" CHARACTER: ROSA BUD
(MISS RUBY MILLER) SELLING CHOCOLATES.

proved a great success. Nearly all the familiar characters were represented. Especially prominent were the Pickwickian episodes by members of the Eccentric Club, and the legal proceedings at "The Court Now Sitting." Among others, Lord Chaplin was haled before it to answer to the charge of having failed to win the Derby since 1867. On the right in the "Tale of Two Cities" group is Miss Bransby Williams as Sydney Carton, jun.

A REVISED REVUE: MORE NEW HIPPODROME "TRICKS."



IN "THE COLONNADE": MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS AS THE DANCER.



MISS DOROTHY JAY AS THE EVENING STAR, WITH "JOY BEAMS."



IN "PIERROTADE": MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS AS PIERRETTE.



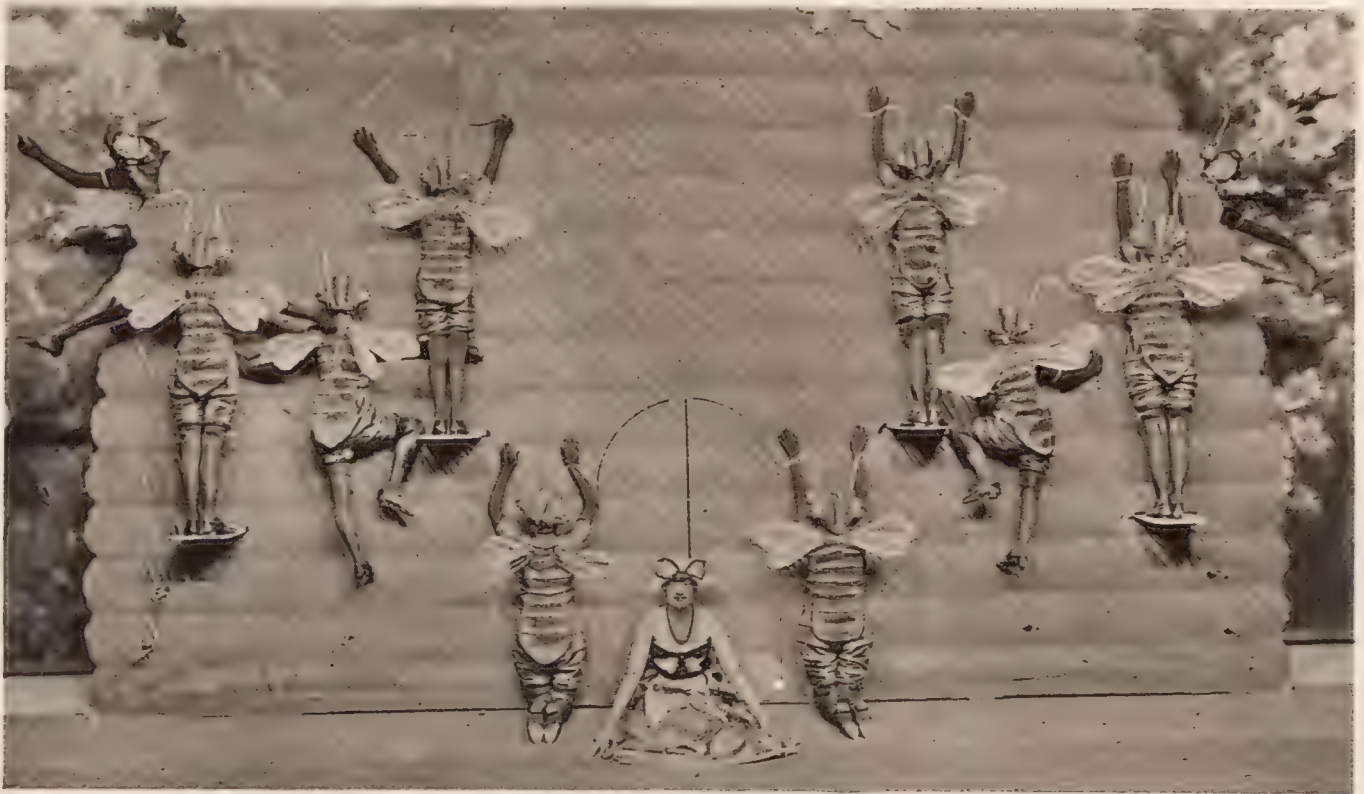
IN HER SONG, "WHEN LONDON'S LIT UP": MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AND CHORUS IN "BOX O' TRICKS" (SECOND EDITION) AT THE HIPPODROME.

Among the new attractions in the second edition of "Box o' Tricks," at the Hippodrome, are fresh dancing scenes for Miss Phyllis Bedells. In "Pierrotade," for instance, she plays Pierrette to the Pierrot of Mr. Alec Fraser, who sings "Pierrot's Rainbow." Later, she appears

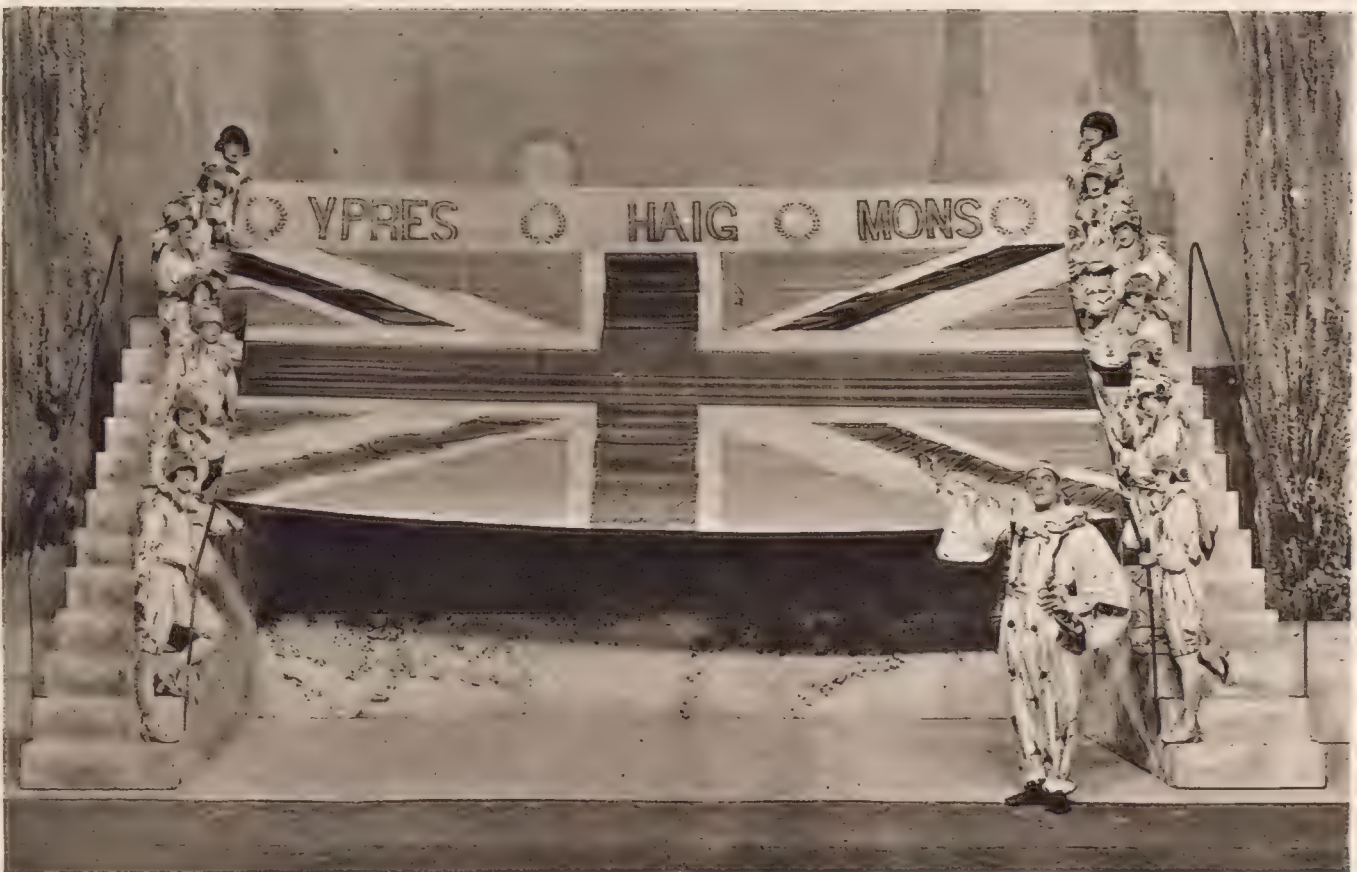
as The Dancer in "The Colonnade." In this scene also occur two taking songs, one sung by Miss Dorothy Jay, called "Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now?" and the other by Miss Cicely Debenham—"When London's Lit Up." Miss Dorothy Jay also sings "Joy Beams" in the first scene.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

SECOND EDITION, SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES: "BOX O' TRICKS."



"A BEE-HIVE": MISS DOROTHY JAY AS THE QUEEN; THE HIPPODROME JOY BABES AS THE BEES.



"THE PAGEANT OF THE ALLIES": A CHORIC FLAG-DISPLAY—THE UNION JACK UNFOLDED.

Out of twelve scenes in the second edition of "Box o' Tricks," the popular revue at the Hippodrome, seven are new, and there are likewise eight novelties among the fourteen musical numbers. One of the new scenes is called "A Bee Hive," in which Miss Dorothy Jay, as the

Queen, sings "Busy Bee" with the Hippodrome Joy Babes as chorus. In the scene illustrated below, the Allies' flags are unfolded by turns, in separate strips, each strip being unwound by a pair of girls, who enter with it wrapped round them. The unwinding effect is very striking.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.



THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phynette and London" and "Phynette Married.")

IF it were not that, as a matter of principle (oh, but yes, I've got some!), I never argue with men, because the stupider one is the better they like one (and I like being liked!)—if, then, etc., I would have a lot to tell them about the things that are wash-tub taboo! As it is, I won't say much, but I'll try to be explicit. The Luxury Tax tyrant says that it's woman's frills and flounces (don't say flannels!) that exhaust soap, besides labour, time, coal, and all the rare things of these civilised days. Now, labour and time our undies certainly require to keep as they should: but starch and soap—bubbles, dear Sir, illusion, error, aberrations! Are you, misguided male, merely simple, or single, or unobservant—which? I should have thought that every adult knew that woman has for the last ten years or more abjured, renounced, and repudiated anything starchy, coarse, crude, and laundered near her epiderm! Neither georgette, nor crêpe-de-Chine, nor Japanese silk, nor crépon, nor voile, nor ninon goes to the laundry—or, if it does go, it does not return therefrom!—and where is the self-respecting female who wears any undies but those made of the aforesaid fabrics?

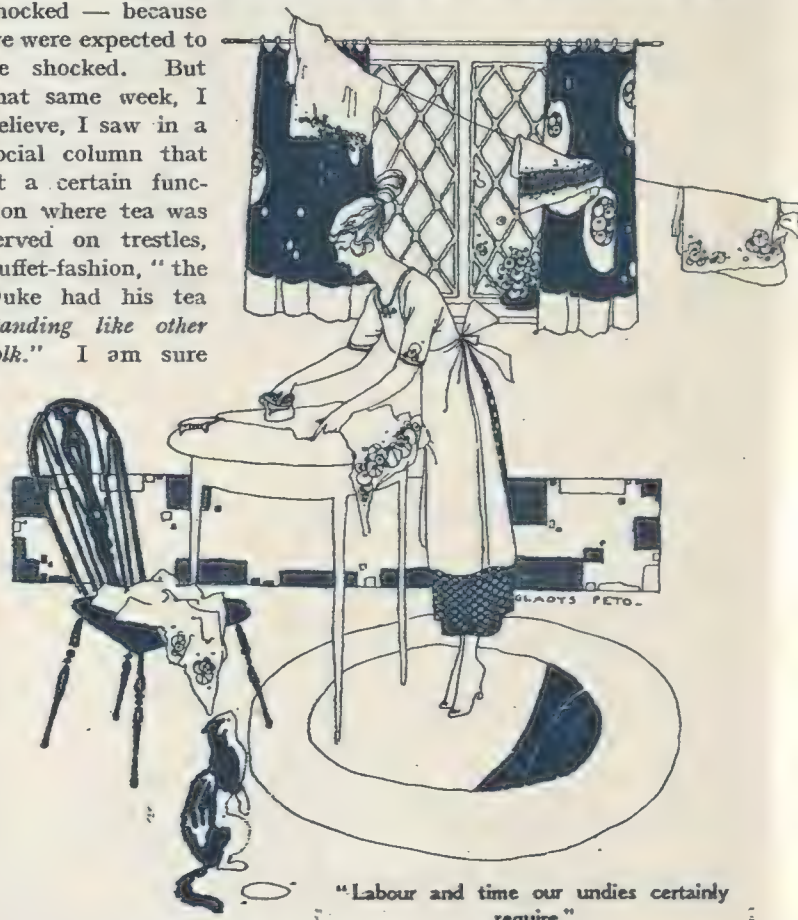
The Greeks had so much delicacy in their cult that whenever they built a temple its basic stones and under-arches must be of marble as rare as its roof, portals, and pillars, for their gods saw the inside as well as the outside. I am not placing men on a level with gods—still, you may yourselves draw some simple parallel *re* our apparent apparel and that which is less apparent and no less important!

Can you imagine a woman who, under her canopy of panne and sables, wears calico trimmed with a starched frill, and machine-made embroidery even, perhaps, and blue ribbons—horror! No, don't say that it is our trousseau which overfills the laundry baskets, for the modern undies are things of such art and beauty that only trained ladies'-maids or dry-cleaners are entrusted with the religious care of them.

While I am disserting on dress, "Do you like waistcoats?" to quote Mr. Toodles, Boodles—what the Dickens was his name?—the simple-souled young man in "Dombey and Son." If you do, rejoice, for they will be much to the front (they too!) this autumn, with huge collars, and in woolly stuffs, or velvet, or knitted silks—vivid and defiant, mind you, or else black-and-white. For the vogue for black-and-white is spreading wider than ever, from home decorations to travelling attire. The Duchess of Marlborough, when I saw her returning from Bexhill, wore a black-and-white blouse and black tammy of chenille: and I noticed the other day Helen Morris looking *tout-à-fait épatante* in white with a touch of black.

My mind jumps from the wash-tub to the bath. The only social privilege I would revel in would

be the Order of the Bath, steaming from the tap. And, talking of titles, I was struck the other evening, while grinning at Arnold Bennett's clever play, "The Title," at the vast difference there is between the psychology of the stage and that of the street. We convulse at the theatre at things which would not cause us to lift an eyebrow anywhere else. As the snob spoke in the play that night every seatist in the audience smiled, yet how many among them, think you, had no snobbery in their soul? When Mrs. Culver—the to-be Lady Culver—said with her sweet cynicism, "I would so love to hear the parlour-maid call me 'My Lady'!" we were shocked—because we were expected to be shocked. But that same week, I believe, I saw in a social column that at a certain function where tea was served on trestles, buffet-fashion, "the Duke had his tea standing like other folk." I am sure



only you and I grinned at that. We were not told why the Duke could not be expected to stand—whether he had a cork leg, or had lunched too well and winily, or was not tall enough to reach up to the trestles.

I heard the other day the matchless story of a match fresh from Paris. It is not only in heavens that marriages are made: in my country they are still manufactured on a large scale.

Things were getting on promisingly between the emissary (an aunt of the would-be fiancé) and the mother of the *jeune fille*. The *jeune fille* herself was invisible—on the other side of the key-hole! It is from her that I have the following account interesting to the social student.

"Oh, he is a young man *bien gentil*, and so serious," would the aunt say: "*bachelier ès lettres* at twenty-three—*oui*, Madame, and of such quiet tastes: very nice eyes too, and vineyards in the South, besides his big business, of course, and also *espérances*" (expectations). Expectations are much worse in France—they are actually *hopes*!

"And *what* is his business?"

"Well, he is not—no, no, he is *not* a baker, but he owns bakeries, you understand: *model* bakeries—quite in a big way"—whole-(meal) sale, so to speak!—"branches in several towns: he employs thousands of people."

"Ah," would the mother say, "bakeries! H'm! But tell me (you will not take it amiss that I should inquire about his—past, when the happiness of my little girl is in question) has this young man *ever*—lowering her voice and looking around her as if about to say something somewhat indelicate and incriminating, "has he *ever*—delivered his bread *himself*?" (!)



"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"—AND HER CHILDREN: HOLIDAY "SNAPS."



DURING HER STAY AT FRINTON: MISS GLADYS COOPER—WITH JOAN AND JOHN.

The other day "The Naughty Wife" reached its two-hundredth performance at the Playhouse, and Miss Gladys Cooper was there to take up again the part of Eloise Farrington, after a brief and well-earned holiday at Frinton, with her children. As everybody knows, in private life Miss

Gladys Cooper and Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster are one and the same person; and the young actress is as popular among her personal friends as she is with the playgoing public. "Eloise" and her husband are a delightful couple.—[Photographs by News Illustrations.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



YOU may be quite sure that the man who blotted the word "impossible" out of his dictionary had never compiled an anthology of living authors or written a history of contemporary literature. If he had done either he would have found (and his critics would have helped him to find) that he could not possibly do it without including in his book some authors who ought to have been omitted, and omitting a good many who ought to have been included. So if Harold Williams, in his "Modern English Writers," falls into a few of these sins of commission and omission, who shall cast the first stone? It was inevitable. His survey of English imaginative literature from 1890 to 1914 is a careful and very able performance: his criticisms are sound and fearless—he is not afraid to do justice even to Alfred Austin: all the great work of the period is taken into account, and much that is not great but properly has a place in such a record of our own time.

Nevertheless, considering the scope of the volume and many of the authors dealt with, I don't think such novelists as Stanley Weyman, John Buchan, J. D. Beresford, Leonard Merrick, Perceval Gibbon (one of the most brilliant of our short-story writers), Mrs. Dudeney, Mary Mann, and Mrs. de la Pasture, for instance, should have been left unmentioned. W. S. Gilbert might have had a line among the dramatists: and shouldn't there have been a corner for Owen Seaman? And, instead of giving space to a poet whose verses Mr. Williams says "are in no wise remarkable," surely he should have told us something of Ronald Campbell Macfie.

Macfie's just-published poem, "War," is, for breadth of vision and imaginative power, the biggest thing in poetry that the war has yet inspired. Some years back he published two other books, "Granite Dust" (which John Davidson said should have been called "Diamond Dust") and "New Poems," that entitle him to rank above half the poets in Mr. Williams's collection. But here am I chiding him for not achieving the impossible, when he has come nearer to doing it than one had any right to expect.

Now and then we wonder vaguely what has become of all the Cubists and Futurists who kept the art world in such a state of agitation a few years ago. C. R. W. Nevinson used to be one of them, but he has come out of both schools, though you may trace their influence on some of his masterly realistic drawings in "The Great War." As he puts it himself, "the personality of a painter—if he has any personality, of course—enables him to withstand the test of any particular method." He does not believe that the same technique can be used for every variety of subject. There is a suggestion of Cubist methods in his "Motor Transport" and "Looking Down

"indicating the direction of the force-lines and the successive phases of the movement," and, as Mr. Crawford Flitch adds, "from this play of lines and interaction of planes a very singular beauty detaches itself."

Another series of war drawings, "Salvage," by an Australian artist, is full of life and vigour: the sketches illustrate vividly and impressionistically the lives and surroundings of the fighting men on the Western front.

Aylmer Maude's "Leo Tolstoy" is an admirable biography in little, and a lucid, discriminating study of the works and gospel of the great Russian novelist and philosopher who is rightly credited with a large share in the preparation of the ground for the Russian Revolution. The trouble with Tolstoy's most important doctrines is that they can only be put into practice successfully in an ideal world, and that is what we do not yet happen to possess. His emphatic insistence on the gospel of non-resistance would in itself have made all revolution impossible. The Bolsheviks tried to carry out that teaching and turned the other cheek to the Hun, who promptly smacked it hard: but I do not notice that they have since attempted to exercise the same virtue towards their fellow-countrymen. It is one of those fancy virtues that look sound and good so long as you keep them under a glass case and talk about them: beautiful as ornaments, but not to be used.

Edward Churchill, in "The Mirror and the Lamp," is a magnificent idealist from his boyhood onwards. His mother's narrow teachings result in provoking his two brothers to go to the bad; but Edward, the favourite, for some while fulfils her expectations of him. Then, when Edward has gone into the Church, his mother shatters his ideal of her by marrying again, in spite of all her self-righteous pledges, and marrying a vulgar little business man whom she had used to patronise. Presently, Edward abandons some of his own ideals: throws up the church because he has lost his faith; and, after a Homeric fight with her brutal husband, carries off a beautiful young married woman of his late parish, whom he had first pitied, and later grown to love with a consuming passion. Nevertheless, Edward remains the noblest character in the book, and an idealist to the end.

You see ideals going to pieces in Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy's uncommonly clever first novel, "A Pier and a Band," where the genial successful gin-distiller, Tippiets, goes to live on a lovely, unspoilt seacoast, is bent on developing it and turning it into a popular seaside resort, and fights, or with large cheques corrupts, the old-fashioned gentry of the locality and carries out his fell purpose.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Modern English Writers. By Harold Williams. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)
 War. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (John Murray.)
 The Great War. Fourth Year. Paintings by C. R. W. Nevinson. Introductory Essay by J. E. Crawford Flitch. (Grant Richards.)
 Salvage. Pictures and Impressions of the Western Front by Sergt. Penleigh Boyd. (British Australasian Office.)
 Leo Tolstoy. By Aylmer Maude. (Methuen.)
 The Mirror and the Lamp. By W. B. Maxwell. (Cassell.)
 A Pier and a Band. By Mary MacCarthy. (Chatto and Windus.)
 Beatrice Ashleigh. By F. E. Mills Young. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Perpetual Fires. By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin.)
 The Soul of Susan Yellam. By H. A. Vachell. (Cassell.)
 Pinches of Salt from the Seven Seas. Yarns of the Navy. By George Goodchild. (Jarrold.)



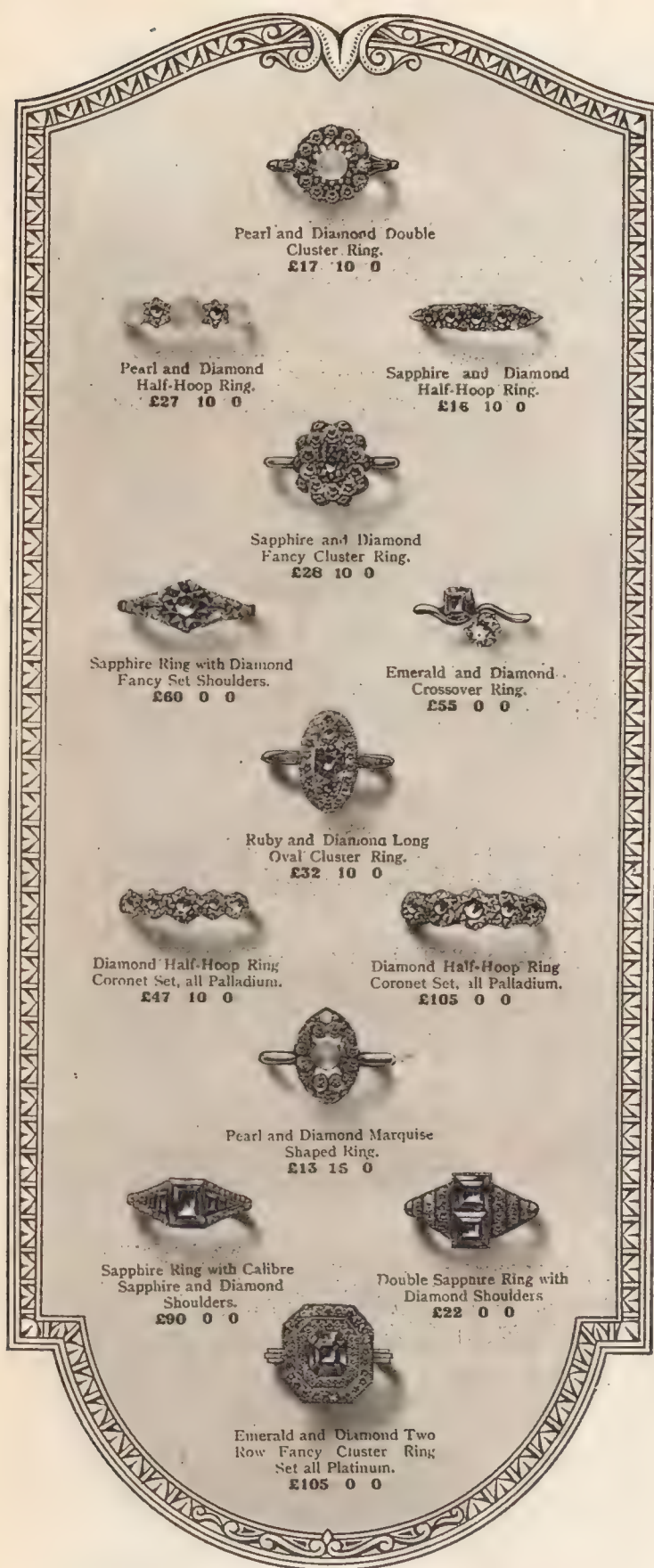
A.D.C.'S TO THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN IRELAND: (L. TO R.) MAJOR F. R. G. FORSYTH, M.C., AND CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY BROUGHAM. Major Forsyth, Dragoon Guards, was well known before the war as a rider at Irish point-to-point meetings. Captain Brougham, Coldstream Guards, is the son and heir of Lord Brougham and Vaux. Both served under Lord French in the war, and both were wounded.—[Photograph by Poole.]

on Leave Boats from the Quay"; but he has modified and clarified them, and uses them with striking effect. Only once, in "The Bomber," does he adopt the Futuristic style pure and simple for



WELL KNOWN, BY NAME, TO READERS OF "THE SKETCH": MR. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

Mr. Douglas Newton, our readers will be interested to learn, has written a new story for "The Sketch" Christmas Number.



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HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

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ON THE HOME FRONT.



THE SPECIAL (*who likes to choose his words*): Look here, my good women, you must stop that singing or accompany me.
THE JOYOUS LADY: Right-o, sporty boy! 'um any old tune yer fancy an' we'll 'owl it tergether.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

A CHAPTER IN PELMANISM.

By H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

MANY of us nowadays are prejudiced against advertisements. Glancing over our newspaper, sitting in an omnibus or tram, we have come in self-defence to steel our minds against that vain repetition such as the heathen use of "Buy Brown's Soap," or "Get it at Smith's." Lest the hammered-in suggestion should at last compel us to abandon our proper business of the moment and vainly try to appease this god of publicity by rushing frantically to Smith's for a dozen cakes of Brown's, we are apt to note revengefully that we will never risk getting anything at Smith's (not even the influenza, which they certainly stock largely), and that of all the soaps in the world Brown's is the last we will ever buy.

Advertisement of that sort may pay (they say it does), but it has certainly created a class of people whose ideal of shopping is to go to some tradesman whom only the initiate have ever heard of to buy something that nobody else has ever heard of at all. For these also, no doubt, the advertiser of the future will lay his trap.

Some of us are apt to boast, then, rather conceitedly, that we never read advertisements. Yet we (we especially) have read the Pelman advertisements, we have come even to want to read them, to watch for the next. If, incidentally, the system can teach a man to write advertisements like that it need never want for scholars! Here I am, indeed—if I may be personal for a moment—trying to write one of them myself. Let me record all the conditions attached to the writing. I am given the little grey books and asked to search them through and then to cross-examine their authors to my heart's content. I am not asked to praise "Pelmanism," to say that it will double a man's income or win him the lady of his choice, or bring him peace at the last. I am asked for my frank opinion upon the merits of the system (gross flattery, indeed, may be detected here); and were I to write that, after mature consideration, I find it to be a most colossal fraud, I do believe this would be printed without a qualm—as well it might be, for such is the weight of evidence on the other side that it would certainly do my reputation the greater harm.

I shall not, however, attempt to record my meagre opinion upon the Pelman system as a whole: it is a biggish thing, and I am not very competent to do so. I'll pick from the grey books a passage or two which lend the most helpful hand to me, and analyse if I can the exact help that they are.

Lesson Three deals with Sense Training. Not one of us but would confess, I fear, as we grow older, to a growing rustiness of the senses. It is, indeed, one of the commonest minor tragedies of our too specialised life—the death of a sense. Our childhood's education should, of course, develop them all with equal balance. Whether it does we must leave to our educators on their conscience to say. But professional life almost always claims the development, and the over-development, of the one or two senses it most pressingly needs, to the neglect and, if one is not careful, to the final perishing of the rest.

One of the worst sights in the world is the oldish man "on the beach," as sailors say, with his professional profit-making faculties used up, worn out; and his others, which could bring him such enjoyment of life to his life's end, atrophied, unused.

And a worse still—far worse, from the public point of view—is that of the man still active and at the most creditable time of his career, whose professional faculties have come to be so automatic in their working that he dreads lest any disturbance of their settled routine should prove him quite incapable of response to any fresh idea. These are the obstructors of reform. For the truth is surely that we can *not*, in the long run, develop one side of our nature at the expense of the other. To adapt the showman's phrase, what we lose on the swings we also lose, in the end, on the roundabouts.

Says Pelman in Lesson Three, "The range of your knowledge and memory depends largely on the range of your sense life. A hermit who has been for years out of touch with civilisation may have developed his reflective power to some extent, but he has unfitted himself for work in the busy scenes of modern activity." Add that after a time his power of reflection ceases to be real reflection at all, and becomes a sort of self-hypnotism. Add also that the very business of the man who leaves himself no time to reflect will soon become mere busy-ness, mere busybody-ness, the restless moving through a sort of ritual from which all meaning has departed, from which, then, only by an occasional accident does any creative result accrue.

There is a story that on one of the abandoned battlefields out in France a little band of deserters got together and escaped detection for some time. They did not hide. They established themselves upon an open road beside a pile of railway sleepers which had been left there. Whenever an officer came in sight they started to move the sleepers from one side of the road to the other. When the whole pile had been shifted, they would start, for the benefit of some other officer, to shift it back again. Finally some sharp-eyed Sergeant-Major happened by—a Pelmanist, no doubt—and, using his senses (happy, half-understood phrase), detected something queer in the proceedings, and the fellows were rounded up.

Much modern business reminds me of that story. If there could be invented some form of meter which, hanging in the average office, would measure the actual work done in a day, the proportion of this to the volume of so-called business got through would shock us all. Let the meter also be able to measure the proportionate use which the workers in that office have made through the day of the senses with which nature has endowed them, as against the mechanical contrivances of day books and ledgers, minutes and memoranda, so dear to the superficial efficiency-monger, and the explanation, though humiliating, would be plain. Of the many kinds of waste with which this country is cursed the waste of human faculties is the most criminal, and is truly the root of all the others.

"I want to know that a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit;
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows his brains out on the flute."

So says Browning, and, like all great poets, he talks sound sense. The best butcher, baker, soldier, stockbroker, engineer is he who turns to the use of his trade *all* his faculties, who, having—to quote Pelman—trained them separately, can use them unitedly. And if you doubt the utility of a keen sense of smell or a highly trained sense of touch in a stockbroker's office, of an eye for colour in an engineering shop, or a sense of form in a barrack-yard, read No. 3 of the little grey books and be converted.

But note, too, that a careful training of these complementary senses is necessary; not only that, but beyond the initiative will to train one needs a scientific knowledge of how to keep them alive and alert. For whatever our childhood's education may have done or failed to do, the line of least resistance in our working life—if we supinely follow that—almost certainly tends to reduce us from manhood to machine-hood, from mastery to slavery, from completeness in oneself to being indeed but a spiritless cog in the wheels of a vast machine. From which damnation may the Lord deliver us.

Put it only upon utilitarian grounds, a man is worth more than any machine that ever was made. He is, if he is fully a man; and the employer who prefers for his employees the machine-like ideal is not worth serving. Take your man's courage in your hands and look for work elsewhere. There's lots of work in the world needs doing by men with *all* their faculties alive; lots of masters—servants they are in the turn of that great truth—who believe so; and only from such work can the salvation of the world come.

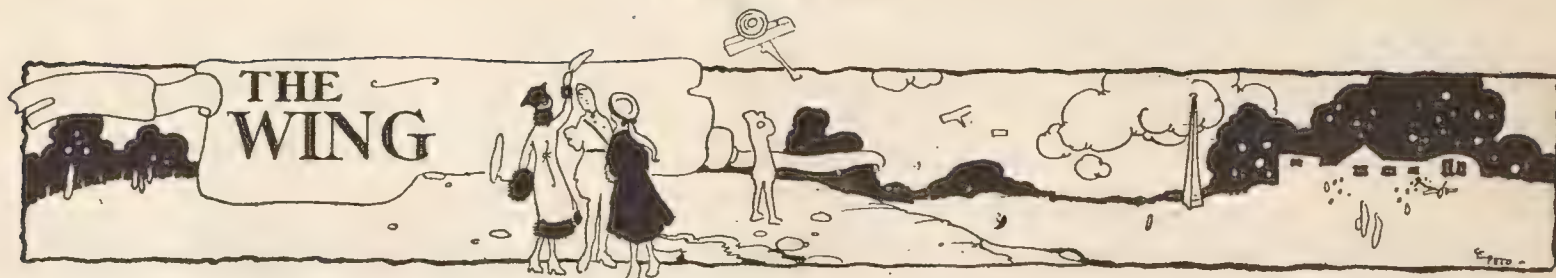
Put it on grounds of human dignity and happiness alone. Why should we be cripples? And any man who has not fullest use of all his God-given senses is more truly and, in these days, less gloriously, a cripple than the physically maimed we grieve to see. Let us keep our grieving—let us even keep some scorn—for these cripples of the will who impoverish all our time by keeping themselves poor, leaving unclaimed and neglected the riches that are their birthright. We should be as ashamed of a rusty or unused sense as we should of a dirty face and hands. Would we let a man steal a hundred pounds and say nothing? Shall we sit idly and wearily by while time and circumstance steal the untold value of our proper human gifts? Let us be warned though that this civilisation of ours and our money-earning share in it is not too friendly to the full development of life if we let it have its unchecked will of us. *Our* will of it is what we need and how to have it the most profitable lesson we can learn. A long lesson. It's a few chapters of it that the Pelman system claims to teach, one chapter that I've glanced at here.

"I should like," says the normal man, ambitious in such matters, "to have as much money as I know what to do with." No one need grudge him that, just that much and no more. But let him remember that, if we are not to, knowledge must come first in the order of acquisition. Let him remember, too, that first in the order of knowledge must come knowledge of oneself. What is the old phrase? "Greater is he that conquereth himself than he that taketh a city." Nor is it an idle one if we add, "Richer is he that owneth himself than he that hath £20,000 to invest in 'war bonds.'" And if that little grey book, No. 3, will help me to the full possession of my own five senses and teach me to keep them keen and bright, it helps to lay the only true foundation of any fortune.

And there are fortunes other than money; some with but just one wing of them a strong-room; so many other castles to build.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of "The Sketch" to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



ARE AEROPLANES LUXURIES? A REPLY TO "MOTOR DICTA."

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

MY esteemed *confrère* Mr. Gerald Biss is an amusing fellow, and an ingenious. It now appears that he is also ingenuous, for in a recent issue of this paper he asks why, "if the automobile be illogically and unjustly deemed a luxury within the meaning of that much-abused term, the aeroplane should be scrupulously exempt, and never so much as mentioned by the despoilers of industry and seekers after pelf?" In the next sentence he adds insult to injury by referring to the aeroplane as "this foster-child of the automobile."

Aeros and Autos Contrasted. *Imprimis*, therefore, let me remark that, whatever the aeroplane may be, it is not a luxury. It may be either

a necessity or a calamity, according to the point of view; but it is certainly not a luxury. The automobile, beyond a certain price at any rate, certainly is a luxury. Why, for example, should the pre-war knut or the war-profititeer need an engine of 50 or 60-h.p. to do the job of transporting two or four people, when they can be transported equally reliably and almost as fast by 20-h.p.? The balance of 40-h.p. is pure swank, or luxury. The difference between a limousine body costing hundreds of pounds and a Cape-cart hood costing about as many shillings is purely a matter of luxury. So are over-size tyres, silver-plated fittings, and heaps of other things.

No Consumers But the State.

Now there is no question of luxury about an aeroplane. In the first place, a luxury tax is levied, directly or indirectly, on the consumer. At present the only consumer is the Government itself, so that washes out all idea of a luxury tax now. Even after the war I cannot for the life of me see aeroplanes coming inside any class of luxury vehicle, at any rate for a good many years. Probably by the time all the reforms promised have been started, and by the time the demands of Labour (with a very large "L") have been partially appeased, we shall all be far too broke to afford to buy aeroplanes.

A Post-War I.A.F.

Most of us people who scratched a precarious living out of aircraft before the war, and who are now being heavily soaked for excess-profit duty because the result of our work has been the salvation of the British Army and the damnation of the Hun submarine, see our only hope of a living after the war in the fact that the aeroplane will be recognised as a necessity and not a luxury. There is just



A FRENCH MOBILE SURGICAL HOSPITAL: THE TENTS ERECTED ON THE OCCASION OF ITS INAUGURATION IN PARIS.

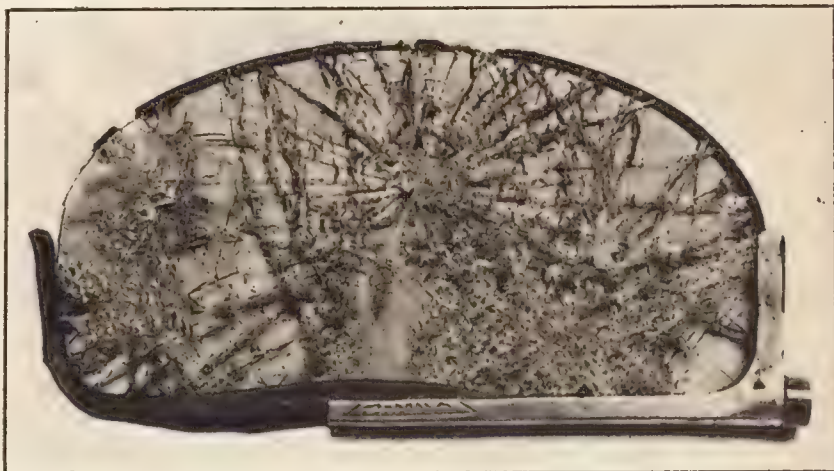
French Official.

a sporting chance that the post-war Government will have the natural wit to see that a huge Imperial Air Force is necessary for the protection of this country, and that the same huge I.A.F. may be made to pay its way in time of peace by doing a combination

in the air of what on the ground would be represented by the Post Office and State Railways.

To Sydney in Five Days.

After the war time will more than ever be money. And the business man who can go, or send a trusted representative, by the Imperial Air Service from London to Sydney in five days, to fix up a big business



A MCCUDDEN RELIC: THE TRIPLEX WIND-SCREEN OF THE MACHINE ON WHICH THE FAMOUS PILOT MET HIS DEATH.

The photograph shows the Triplex wind-screen taken from the machine in which that very gallant pilot, Major McCudden, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., met his death by accident, and shows it after the machine had crashed through trees in France to the earth. Although the screen was torn from the aeroplane, and much of the metal frame was broken away, the Triplex glass was no more than starred. The screen has been sent to the Imperial War Museum.

deal, will have a big pull over his old-fashioned rival who is content to take five or six weeks by boat. We shall have to hustle like nothing on earth to catch up the years of normal business progress which have been lost during the war. And the aeroplane is the instrument which above all others will make such hustling possible. If that doesn't prove that the aeroplane is a necessity, I should like to ask Mr. Biss what will convince him.

Flip-Abouts and Air-Buses.

It is just possible that some of our war-profititeers who have allowed their sons to join the Flying Services by way of giving the Empire something in return may, out of sheer gratitude, buy the boy an aeroplane for his private use. But, apart from such buyers, I quite fail to see what sales can be expected for private aeroplanes. I don't suppose anybody would care a scrap if such sales were super-taxed as luxuries. Which, incidentally, does not in the least alter the fact that it ought to be possible to put a very nice little two-seater "joy-ride" aeroplane on the market for a matter of £250 or so, and a single-seater flip-about for not much more than £100. But such bit of trade as remains after the war will be done either in long-distance mail-carriers—something like the Bristols and De Havillands of to-day—or in huge passenger-buses on the lines of the Handley-Pages or Porte-Boots. These may possibly belong to privately owned transport lines—one of our biggest steamship lines is already on the watch in that direction—but most likely they will belong to the State. In either case they will not be luxuries.

A Malign Step-Mother.

Finally, let me reject with all due scorn and contumely Mr. Biss's suggestion that the aeroplane is the foster-child of the automobile. Apart from the fact that each has an internal-combustion engine, there is no affinity between the aeroplane and the automobile. Still less is the development of the aircraft industry due to the automobile trade. As a matter of fact, the aeroplane of to-day is a vast success in spite of the dud engines with which the automobile afflicted it in its youth, and in spite of the shabby way in which the automobile trade treated the baby aircraft industry. If Mr. Biss had called the automobile the malign step-mother of the aeroplane he would have been nearer the mark.



Drawing by E. Oakdale.

Dri-ped Leather's War-time Services

No. 2.—The W.A.A.C.

In this War-time our women have undertaken work of such a nature as would have seemed impossible in 1913. Fragility is now faced with tasks that only stout hearts render possible; and among the precautions to be taken is the wearing of Dri-ped—the water-proof and double-wearing Super-Leather for Soles.

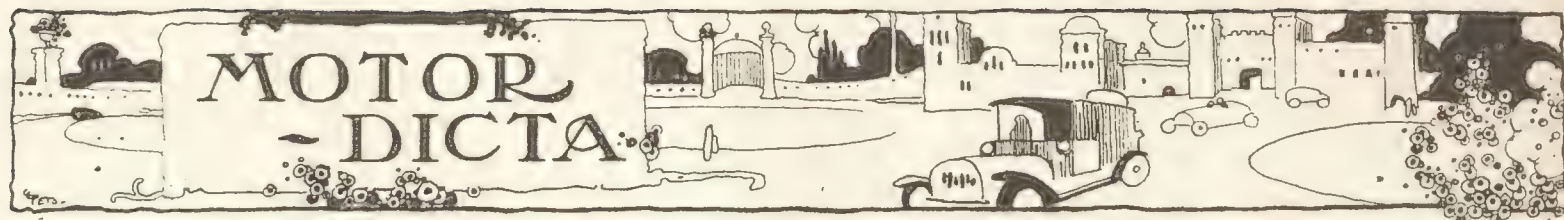
SOLE MANUFACTURERS . . .

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCASHIRE

DRI-PED
REGD

"Dri-ped" is not a mere trade description: it is a brand by which you may recognise the only leather of its kind in the world. Not all green leather is Dri-ped; no leather is Dri-ped unless it bears the diamond trade mark in purple every few inches.

Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for soles, is waterproof, double-wearing, light, flexible. It is used by repairers for re-soleing, and is readily obtainable on new footwear for War Workers.



THE U.S. AND US: MOTORING RESTRICTIONS IN AMERICA AND HERE.

By GERALD BISS.

NOT so long ago Yankee patriots were adjured to use their automobiles instead of taking the train—we over here have long since been bidden to eschew both and remain for the duration *in loco quo ante*!—but now, as I hinted a fortnight ago, there are signs and portents that things over there, too, are likely to become restricted. However, the "Fuel Administrator" strikes me as having approached the question in the best possible way by appealing to motorists to abstain voluntarily from Sabbatarian motoring, which it is estimated will, in New York State alone, economise a million gallons of gasoline. The consequence has been that very few cars have since then put their noses outside the garage door on Sundays; and such few as have selfishly ignored this polite request have been hooted and mobbed by indignant pedestrians. Why, President Wilson actually disinterred a carriage and pair of well-preserved horses to drive to church; and Mrs. Vanderbilt even went so far as to walk!

The Way to Take Us.

It makes me ask why we could not have been treated a bit more on these sport-

ing lines over here. The average Englishman will do anything if it is only put up to him as a sporting proposition; whereas he is d—d if he will be driven. It only makes him nasty; and the effervescent school-boy element, inherent in most of us even in our hours of senile decay, prompts an evasion of arbitrary orders with penalties attached. Given decent dealing and scrupulous justice, an Englishman resents even severity very little. Ever since we were school-boys and sat on hard wooden forms with sore seats to our trousers, I don't think we ever resented severity with justice at the back of it; and I go so far as to assert that every decent schoolboy would rather take a flogging from some masters than a favour from others.

Rehoboam, Petrol Controller.

Greatly as has the severity of the petrol comb-out increased the last few months, I find little resentment now among motorists, as the facts have been made clear to them, and they in their turn have been

day! The latest Petrol Controller, Sir Evan Jones, not only took on a very unpopular job, but one with a legacy of accumulated mismanagement and odium behind it; and, though circumstances have forced him to play the rôle of Rehoboam, he has distinctly made good and wiped out much of the unpopularity of Jeroboam, who made Jeremiahs of us all. And Mr. Walter Long's personal message of thanks at the "A.A.'s" general meeting was a well-timed tribute which made motorists ready for greater sacrifices still, if need be.



GETTING THEIR CARS INTO RUNNING ORDER: V.A.D. MOTOR-DRIVERS IN FRANCE.

Official Photograph.

Petrol License Problems.

Certainly no relaxation is in sight, or will be for a very long time to come, and even greater stringency may become necessary as the climax approaches; but I fancy that there is a prospect of a new possibility in the conditions of such grants as are made. That is to say, when an application has been thoroughly "vetted" and allowed on grounds of national importance, though a tin or two may be lopped off to keep on the safe side, the holder of the license may be permitted to use it how and when he will, in the full knowledge that not another drop will he get under any consideration whatsoever. If this logical form of grant do in due course take the place of the present absurd and unworkable system, it will, as I say, probably mean less rather than more in many cases, and fewer grants at that. Moreover, it could not be applied to hiring-cars, which would have to be under regulations similar to the present ones to prevent a munition worker or a millionaire from indenting for the whole lot for one good old glorious joy-ride—and damn the expense! Moreover, holders of petrol-licenses would have to be *verboden* from hiring in their own neighbourhood, and lists distributed to all garages with licenses. Otherwise, they might blow their little lot unscrupulously upon a jaunt of independence, and hire for the rest of the month. In fact, the latter provision should in any case obtain, as folk can't "eat" their petrol, as some cars do, and have it too, having a giddy time both on the swings and the roundabouts at the expense of everyone else.

Legalise the Inevitable.

There is no getting away from the fact that in many neighbourhoods holders of petrol permits do use their dole more or less as and when and how it pleases them as long as it lasts; and the local police have in many cases to wink at it, as they are folk of importance—perhaps J.P.s or war-profiteers! So would it not be better to legalise what is not only logical, but practically unpreventable, and elim-

inate a whole host of pettifogging prosecutions and persecutions of minor micr-O.B.E.'s and individuals of the lesser orders, who have to be brought to book to keep up the average?



HONOUR FOR THE LONDON AMBULANCE COLUMN: A REVIEW BY SIR FRANCIS LLOYD IN HYDE PARK.

General Sir Francis Lloyd reviewed the London District Ambulance Column of the British Red Cross Society the other day, in Hyde Park. He spoke of the magnificent work done so unobtrusively by the Column; and the general public may not realise that since August 1914 it has met every train of wounded arriving in London, and has transported every officer and man to hospital. With the exception of a few mechanics, all the members are volunteers.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

made to feel that their abstention directly aids the tanks and the aeroplanes which are giving the Boche such concentrated Hades—with much worse to come. In one recent French offensive alone over half-a-million gallons of essence were being used every

NAPIER

- SIX CYLINDER -

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

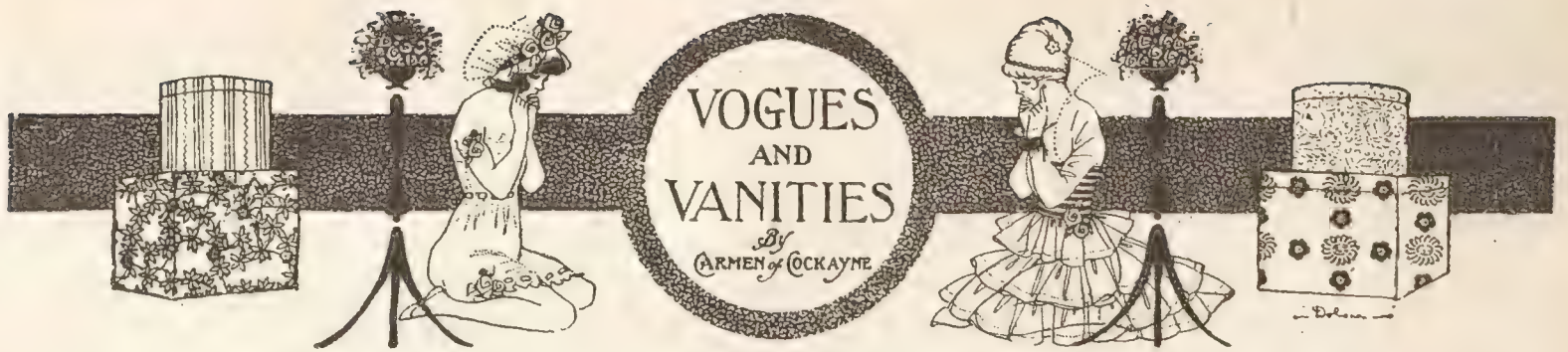
THE
- PROVED -
BEST

- BRITISH BUILT -



BRITISH AND IMPERIAL.

D. NAPIER & SON LTD.
14, New Burlington Street,
LONDON, W.



The Eternal Question.

The knowledge that she owns the smartest frock in London, and is wearing it, won't in itself be enough to make a woman happy this winter. In the ordinary way there is nothing so becoming to the average "female of the species" as the consciousness that she is looking really "nice." If it should happen that in this respect she has her dearest friend beaten to a "frazzle," the effect is even better. But this is to be a fireless, or almost fireless, winter, when even ownership of the most becoming dress that ever was will not go very far towards counteracting the undeniably unbecoming effects of that distinctly uncomfortable sensation known as "feeling chilly." Coal is fast becoming as rare as politeness from porters or courtesy from a conductorette. Oil has suddenly developed a fit of bashfulness and retired into private life; and, if all the wood that's "wanted in the shipyards" really gets into them, it won't be long before U-boat commanders throw up their job in despair of finishing it. All of which merely leads up to the problem that above all others is occupying the minds of women—how to keep warm this winter? The answer can be summed up in one word—furs!



We all love silver fox; and the possessor of the handsome stole shown above will be more than fortunate.

Altered Views.

Before the Coal Controller taught us to regard the fireless hearth as a symbol of our inflexible "will to win," instead of a rather uncomfortable form of thrift, there were still some women about to whom furs represented a luxury, indulgence in which, during war-time at least, would be little short of a crime. But that is all changed, and, if only women knew his or her identity, they'd join in presenting a petition in favour of canonising the genius who first discovered that circumstances alter cases, and then said so. That furs

of some sort are an essential nowadays is one of the few subjects on which women are agreed. But furs, like fashions, change with the times. Even the acknowledged aristocrats of the peltry world, who could afford to disregard La Mode's whimsies when their mere presence was a guarantee of their owner's importance in the social scale, have had to fall into line at a time when "furs" have adopted widely democratic views. The one-time luxury has become the war-time necessity which no woman can afford to be without, more especially when they take the becoming forms assumed by the models created by Revillon, of Regent Street,



Skunk has come into its own; therefore, the deep collar sketched here will arouse feelings of the deepest envy.

to whose genius the coat and other things sketched by Dolores to-day owe their existence.

The Haven Where She Would Be.

The woman who would wish for a more attractive haven in which to shelter from the cold blasts of winter than the original

of to-day's largest illustration has yet to be born. It is difficult to do justice in words to the beauty of its moleskin surface, or the smartness of the deep collar which, like most of its tribe nowadays, not content with being merely a collar, does its best to become a cape as well, in deference to the prevailing notion that the smartness of a coat is gauged by the size and depth of the collar it carries.

Their Varied Charm.

Coats, like other things, differ in glory. The appearance of the long wraps in nutria, natural black musquash, or mink, is directly due to the demand on the part of women for coats that have something more substantial than mere smartness to commend them. But it is comforting to hear that the old order has not altogether changed. There are still coats of Persian lamb, broadtail, sable, and even ermine to be had, though only Madame Gorgeous Midas can afford to wear them; and only those who, like Revillon, had the foresight to lay in ample stocks of raw material before conditions became impossibly difficult, can produce them. The art of the furrier, however, has been carried to such a pitch of perfection that the character, though not the quality, of the materials used has become a matter almost of secondary importance. When a species of rat can, thanks to the efforts of the fur artist, become something that rivals the once popular and still expensive sealskin in beauty, and costs half the price while doing it, there is only one thing a wise woman can do, and that's to thank her stars that she hadn't reached fur-coat age thirty years or so ago.

Becoming Alternatives.

However, the woman who cannot afford a fur coat need not resign herself to discomfort on that account. There are other and quite as becoming courses open to her. The smaller furs, stoles, capes, shoulder-wraps, and the like seem this year to have been designed expressly for the benefit of those who cannot run to the larger and more expensive type of garment. The narrow neck-stole that used to fall so coquettishly over one shoulder has disappeared. As a merely decorative addition to the toilette it had its advantages. As a serious warmth-giver it was a long way behind the wide, almost cape-like affairs that have succeeded it. The really smart fur of the moment suggests a hearth-rug flung carelessly about the neck, and is provided in front with two capacious pockets that can, when occasion requires, be used for muff duty. But even here fashion is quite ready to allow opportunities for the exercise of individual taste, as the smaller drawings show. And individuality is something worth while achieving in these difficult days.



Here is a becoming winter wrap of the finest moleskin, supplemented with the newest cape collar.



A batch of business letters—
a settling down to your desk
—a really strenuous afternoon
—a welcome tinkle of teacups
—a damsel with a tray—a
sitting back with a sigh of
relief—

and after that—
a pipe of
Bond of
Union.

The busier you are, the more you appreciate Bond of Union. It is such a cool, steady, mellow, satisfying tobacco. It never interrupts your work by burning your tongue. It never gets on your nerves or tires your brain. Keep a tin in your office-desk and never let your pouch get empty.

Mild, 11d. oz.; Medium and Full, 10½d. oz.

THE COOL SMOKE

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers at the Front, specially packed, at 4½ per lb., duty free. Minimum order ½ lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for ½ lb. up to 1½ lb. and 1¼ up to 4 lb. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL.

INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

Artistic Furriers.

THE creative talent of the expert Furrier is apparent in the exquisite Furs and Fur Garments prepared for the coming Winter. Some specimen Silver Fox Skins will especially appeal to connoisseurs.

ILLUSTRATION SHOWS A
REALLY BECOMING SET IN
NATURAL BLACK SKUNK

New Illustrated Catalogue (28 pages)
will be sent post free on request.

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THE THRESHER

1914

Completed its Fourth Year

SEPTEMBER 1914 saw the inception of the "Thresher," October put it on the market, and December proved how rapidly spreads the name of a garment fitted for a specific purpose. It is all that experience and wearers' criticisms can achieve.

The Thresher Trench Coat - £5 5 0
Detachable Kamelcott Lining - £2 2 0
Cavalry Coat, with large Saddle Gusset and Knee Protectors attached. Extra £1 1 0

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque when ordering.

THRESHER & GLENNY

MILITARY TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.

152 & 153 - STRAND - LONDON



First-hand testimony—originals received recently:—

"I have still the fleece lining of my old one, but have lost the actual coat. I must say it is quite the best coat for use out here." — Capt., R.E., B.E.F.

"In my last letter I omitted to say how very satisfactory my old coat has been. I have been out in all weathers and places with it and never once been wet, and, what is very important, have never been wet on the knees or legs when riding, an entirely new experience for me." — Major, Royal Scots.

"I may add that I am getting a new Trench Coat from you, as from experience I have found that the 'Thresher' is the only possible coat out here. I don't know what I should have done without it." — Lieut., 81st Labour Co., B.E.F.

"The last coat I purchased from you in 1914 has been worn continuously, and still keeps out the rain." — Capt., 2nd Batt. King's Own Regt.

* Letter received July 16, 1918.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Viva Italia! We are all thinking of Italy this week, and red, white, and green, with the Italian dagger crest, waves everywhere. There are many close associations between England and Italy, but now they are closer than ever. Many people believe that they will be cemented by a Royal wedding. In such matters it is better manners and better policy not to prophesy before you know. The Syndic of Rome is here; he is Prince Prospero Colonna, Prince of Sonnino, Duke of Rignano and of Calcata—in virtue of his wife, who has these Duchies in her own right—and a handsome gentleman, bearing his sixty years lightly. The Italian Carabineers Band is here, and fêtes are on hand for the Italian and the British Red Cross. We might look for a revival of cocks'-feathers in honour of the Italian Bersaglieri, but they are rather scarce, although I do not think we ever got them from Germany. Their cocks were too busy crowing—perhaps to cheer the people on to war—to grow fine feathers. Anyway, whatever we wear and whatever we do, we feel "Viva Italia!"

Warmth Worth Having.

Now is the time when women's minds turn cosily to thoughts of fur. Wise people never wait until they are shivering—that would show an appalling lack of imagination. The plan is to visit the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, betimes, while one is a person of importance, and there is leisure for judgment and for scheming out the very best. When the unimaginative crowd rush in, the wise woman has already secured the desire of her heart in the way of style, attention, and skins. There are beautiful models at the I.F.S. now, and, of course, perfect furs. This winter furs will be a specially acceptable gift, for warmth will be expensive, however one obtains it; and if with the acme of becomingness and style as well, it will be warmth worth having. I hear of a great many gifts of furs which are materialising. They will indeed be valued!



Navy blue and black, which have been so fashionable for years, still hold their own.

Here we have this ever-popular combination in navy serge and black satin, the underskirt and broad sash being made of the latter material.

Noses for Chocolate.

The hunts are up these days—most of us women-kind are pursuing something. Some friends of mine have earned for themselves a family nickname of the Chocolate Hounds—they always manage a little store of this toothsome and sustaining food. Their happiest days are the days when they manage to secure some Delecta Chocolate, made in Delectaland, Watford. This is so delicious, nutritious, and sustaining that our fighting men have a very large proportion of what is so made kept for them. Limited supplies can be had from many confectioners, and it is for these limited supplies that our family Hounds make their running with such success that we feel they must have excellent noses for Delecta Chocolate. It is an ideal ration for a journey, or for a day out on work of any kind. Our flying men, who peck a little more than birds, find it very satisfying.

The Wheels Going Round.

There are things we can do in these trying times to help along cheerfully and brightly; the principal of these is to keep fit and well, and that can only be done by keeping our internal engines running smoothly. It is as possible now as in days of plenty, if you only give some thought to it. For instance, when a pint of milk is used, you can add twenty-five per cent. to

[Continued overleaf.]



BY APPOINTMENT.

Wristlet Watches

At the Company's Showrooms a choice selection of Wristlet Watches is available in Gold, Gold and Enamel, and Palladium, plain or artistically mounted with Diamonds and other Precious Stones.

A visit of inspection is cordially invited or a fully illustrated Jewel Catalogue will be sent post free.

Selections will be sent for approval at the Company's risk and expense.

Mappin & Webb

LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

London Showrooms.

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Palladium and Diamonds, £100 0 0



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Great Fur Week

Exhibition and Special Offer of
£114,000 stock of Fur Coats,
Fur-trimmed Coats, Fur Sets and
Fur Trimmings

Two of the Many Splendid
Values offered in the Fur-Coat
Section.



The "Ruth." New Coat in
fine quality Nutria; well-
matched skins; new large
collar; lined silk... **60 Gns.**

The "Sylvia." Wrap Coat in fine Velour Cloth; light, yet
warm; large collar of Seal Coney; all-round belt; half-lined
silk. In beaver, navy, bottle, fawn, and black... **14 Gns.**

Special Fur Offers—This Week—
Also at our Regent St. House

Peter Robinson, Ltd.



RICH CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN

Designed and made by our own
workers from rich quality chiffon
velvet, to meet the present de-
mand for warm and practical
garments. In view of the greatly
increased cost of materials, the
price is exceptionally moderate.

REST GOWN (as sketch) in rich
quality Lyons chiffon velvet,
trimmed fine skunk, to fasten on
shoulder, finished with ribbon
sash, the sleeves to hang loose
or to clip in to the wrist. In
black and a large range of shades.

PRICE **7½ Gns.**

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as
nearly the whole of the expert
English furriers have joined the
Army. Orders placed for reno-
vations early in the Season will
prevent disappointment which
will be unavoidable during the
Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is
closed on Saturdays.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



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THOSE men who have
Todd feet, the one foot
bigger than the other,
are now fitted from stock
made by Lotus Ltd and
they pay no more than
other men for their boots
and shoes.

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have lost a leg are sup-
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of a pair, in sizes as
small as fives and as

large as elevens and in
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many there are two or
more, appointed to sell,
at fixed, moderate prices
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	Prices	Pairs	Singles
Boots....	27/6	13/9
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QUALITY AND PRICE PROVE THESE OFFERS TO BE OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.



"YORK." Charming Coat, in good warm Velours Cloth, with lovely collar of Skunk Opossum. One of our most successful styles this season. Body and sleeves lined satin. Small, medium and large sizes. Shades: Mole, Brown, Purple, Bottle or Navy **£8 8 0**

"OLIVE." An indispensable Tailor-made, for smart useful wear, in best quality Men's Suiting. New straight Coat and moderately straight Skirt. Various designs in Black and White. **£9 9 0**
 Sizes: 7, 8, 9, 10

"RICHMOND." Special attention is drawn to this delightful Coat. The material is Mohair Plush which combines a rich effect with hard-wearing quality. Collar is Skunk Opossum. Lined Marquise. Stocked in Black or Nigger, three sizes. Special price **£7 17 6**
 Same Coat without Fur, **£5 9 6**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1



Use Vitafer to supplement your meat ration. It helps you to "carry on" as nothing else can.

SHORTAGE OF MEAT!

Vitafer contains five times as much protein as Meat. Its tonic properties also keep you fit and fully nourished in these days of stress and strain.

From a West Indian Island.
 "I am isolated on what is practically a desert Island, of which place I am the Commissioner representing H.M. the King. Meat and other strengthening foods cannot be obtained here, and as I derived an extraordinary amount of benefit from the tin of Vitafer you sent me, I shall be very glad if you will send me another."

Do not go on working day after day in an overtired state; it means breakdown. Vitafer taken three times a day will quickly restore your old-time strength & rebuild your nerves.

The amount of nerve making, blood making, and flesh forming food in a tin of Vitafer is wonderful.

Sold by all Chemists in **1/6** and **2/6** tins; larger sizes **4/6** and **7/6**. No substitute is as good.

Test sample can be obtained by mentioning this paper and sending 2d. in stamps to the Sole Manufacturers.

SOUTHALL BROS. & HARCLAY, LTD., Lower Priory, BIRMINGHAM.

HOWARDS' TABLETS ASPIRIN

A leading doctor states that the difference between HOWARDS' and other brands is "SIMPLY MARVELLOUS".
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WRIST WATCH

"Mesh-Guard"

PAT. NO. 105694.
 BRITISH MADE.
 NEAT—ORNAMENTAL—SIMPLE—
 STRONG—ABSOLUTE
 PROTECTION.
 INSIST ON THE

WRIST WATCH
"Mesh-Guard"

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IN THE LITTLE ENVELOPE SHOWING OFFICER'S CUFF TRADE MARK.

HEAVILY SILVER-
 PLATED ON HIGH GRADE
 NICKEL SILVER.
1/-



ROLLED GOLD
 OR
 H. M. SILVER.
2/6

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The Making of Tidy-Wear has become a fine art!

Medium:
 No. 43 ... 3/6d.
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 No. 83 ... 5/6d.
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 Small Mesh:
 No. 93 ... 6/6d.



Strength combines with daintiness, while the Patent Tight-hair is indispensable.

Insist upon the Tight-Hair—it makes all the difference.

SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS, and BOOTS THE CHEMISTS.

"Tidy-Wear"
 PATENTED HAIR NETS REGISTERED



A DAINTY DINNER GOWN

In Parma Violet Georgette, draped with a fichu of gold-and-cream net lace. The bodice is finished off with a gold tissue band, giving a very elegant high-waisted effect.



We have a large selection of Novelties in

Coats
Costumes
Gowns
Furs
and
Millinery

Our new Jersey Suits are the "correct thing" for present wear.

Mercie McHardy
240 OXFORD ST.

Costume Department:
3 PRINCES STREET,
OXFORD CIRCUS,
LONDON, W.1.

RELIABLE FURS

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable quality. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions, by our own highly-skilled furriers, from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The fit, shape and finish are invariably excellent.

NEW PARIS MODEL FUR COAT (as sketch) in finest quality Persian lamb, with collar and cuffs of natural skunk, lined rich brocaded silk. This coat has deep arm-holes, and is a very comfortable wrap for day or evening wear.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND RE-MODELLING

should be put in hand now, as nearly the whole of the expert English furriers have joined the Army. Orders placed for renovations early in the Season will prevent disappointment which will be unavoidable during the Winter months.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1.



"Sporty Boyees" are now wearing

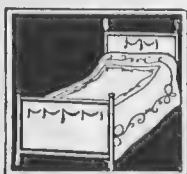
"Clydella"
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the soft, warm, and durable material
for SHIRTS and PYJAMAS.

Write for patterns, etc., to the Manufacturers:
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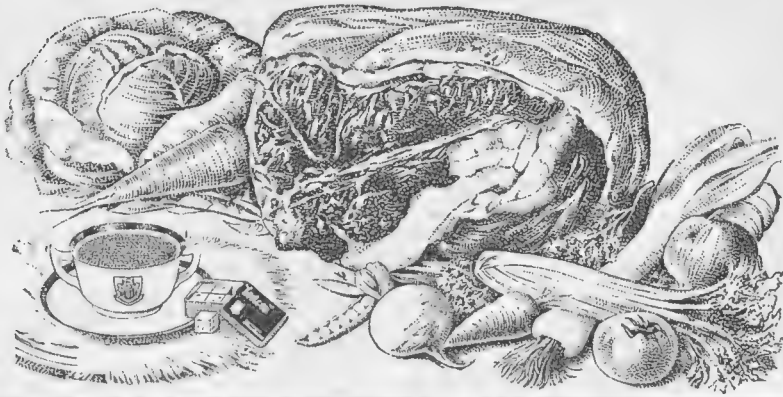


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PURE SUSTAINING ECONOMICAL

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In 1-lb., ½-lb., and ¼-lb. Packages and
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"It's all in the Cube!"

Q DRINK a cupful of Ivelcon just before going to bed. You will not only find it sufficient for a light meal to carry you over until the morning, but it will bring refreshing sleep.

Q USE Ivelcon daily in the kitchen. It is invaluable for making delicious soups, gravies and hashes. One cube makes nearly half a pint of delightful consommé—a welcome first course to a well-arranged meal.

Q IVELCON is the essence of prime beef, delicately flavoured with fresh vegetables. It contains no gelatine, yeast or preservative of any description. To prepare Ivelcon simply pour boiling water over a cube—one cube makes a breakfast cupful.

Sold at pre-War Prices.

6 Cubes 6d.; 12 Cubes 1/-; 50 Cubes 3/6.

IVELCON

ST. IVEL LTD., YEOVIL.

Quality & Value



combined make the real bargain we are offering **wonderful value** in **Furs** of the choicest quality, made up during the Summer months. Our workmanship is **guaranteed** to be of our usual **high standard** and the skins used are the **best only**.

Hundreds of beautiful **Fur Stoles** and **Muff in Skunk**, **CUB BEAR**, **RUSSIAN FITCH**, **CROSS FOX**, **BLUE WOLF**, **BLUE KITT FOX**, **BEAVER**, **NUTRIA**, Etc.

from 6 Gns. the set.

The finest selection of **Model Fur Coats** in London, thoroughly well cut and the very latest fashions

from 15 Gns.

Call at once, or ladies living in the Country may have large selections sent on approval.

Wholesale Fur Co
Fur Specialists and Experts.

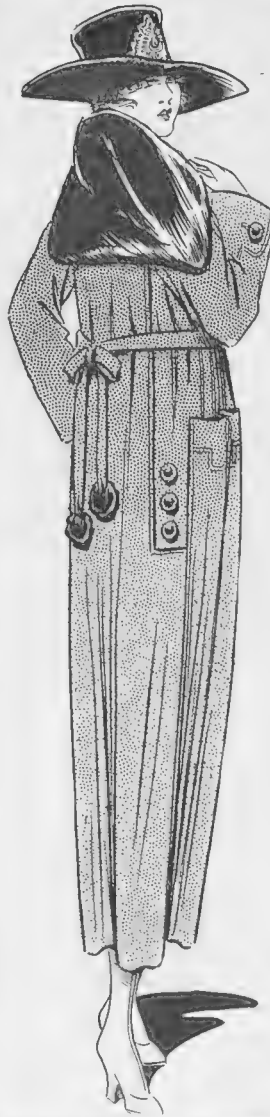
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Entrance in Conduit Street.

145, Cheapside, City (First Floor).
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Fine quality Marmot Coat,
18½ Gns.



GRACEFUL and ATTRACTIVE COAT

Smart Coat for Autumn and Winter Wear, of Superfine Wool Velour Cloth.

The novel features of the garment are the new-shaped pockets finishing in a wide pleat, and the narrow belt which ties carelessly at back. Large cape collar of fine quality Seal Coney. In good shades of nigger, purple, café-au-lait, grey, bottle, light fawn, navy, or black.

15 Gns.

Ladies' Cape Gauntlet Gloves, suitable for Motor-Driving or general hard wear ... 12/6
Unlined
Lined with Fur 24/9

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

DICKINS & JONES LTD

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DAINTY BLOUSES

AT SPECIAL PRICES

ADAPTED from the newest Paris Models, and made in our own work-rooms from rich quality materials.

NEW BLOUSE, copy of a Lanvin Model, made in rich quality Georgette with crossover fronts tying at back, trimmed with narrow fancy ribbon of contrasting shade.

Price 42/-

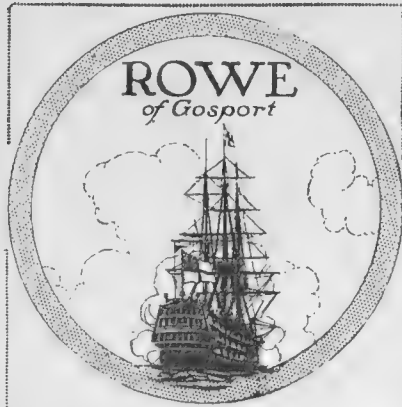
Also in Crêpe-de-Chine,
Price 49/6

MEN'S PURE CAMEL-HAIR COAT with two pockets and pearl buttons, very soft and warm.

49/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



Every Boy should have
a copy of

"THE STORY OF THE SAILOR SUIT"

showing in pen and pictures
the Uniforms of British Tars
in every period of history—
Send a postcard for a free copy



Rowe's Correct Sailor Suits for Boys

IN the Navy every button, every piece of ribbon or tape on the Sailor Suit must be exactly right. Boys who wear Sailor Suits—and there is nothing that a boy looks better in—want to have their suits up to Navy standard—cut in the Navy fashion—right in every detail. There is no difference between the uniform of Sailors on the "Iron Duke" and a Rowe Sailor Suit for Boys. Rowe Sailor Suits are made in a sailor town—Gosport—within sight of the old "Victory". They almost have the breeze of the salt air that Nelson breathed.

And they're made for boys' wear. Every mother knows what that means without our telling.

Incorporated with
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The PERFECT SHIRT for LADIES WEAR.

THESE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL TAILORED SHIRTS ARE MADE FROM A PURE SILK CREPE, IN STRIPES, CHECKS, PLAIN COLOURS & IVORY, ALL FAST COLOURS.

CELES IS SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SPLENDID WEAR AND THE CONTINUED FRESHNESS OF APPEARANCE AFTER REPEATED WASHINGS.

CELES SHIRTS MAY BE HAD FROM ALL THE BEST DRAPERY HOUSES.

EVERY SHIRT BEARS
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Write for Catalogue of
Useful Gifts Post Free.

No. A 291
Diamond Half-Hoop, £19 10s.,
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Diamond, Sapphire
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£22 5s.

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18-ct. GOLD SIGNET RINGS,
with Regimental Ribbon, beauti-
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Any Regiment supplied.
Only 35/- each. Order early.

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Diamond and Enamel
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Gold & Enamel
Badge
Brooches of
any
Regiment
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42/-

No. A 1852
Vickery's popular Gold-mounted Solid
Tortoiseshell Cigarette Tubes,
3½ ins. 24/6, 4 ins. 27/6, 5 ins. 35/-

R.A.F. Brooch, in Diamonds & Enamel,
£17 10s.
With Diamond Letters and Gold and Enamel
Wings, £6 18s. 6d.
Plain Gold and Enamel, £2 10s.



THE Puritan maid had her court and was a queen in it. The Puritan maid had to look immaculate, and she did look it.

THE secret was Cambric. Cambric—lustrous as silver; smooth as lilies; white as snow. The Puritan maid's Cambric was like that. So is Dorcas Cambric. It is the classical Cambric made again—the white that washes, the garment that lasts.

IF you have any difficulty in getting Dorcas Cambric we shall be glad to send you the name of the nearest draper who sells it. Also, on request, a folder in which you will find samples of Dorcas before and after washing.

DORCAS CAMBRIC

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO. LTD.
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The price is 2/3 the yard. The width is forty inches. The words "Dorcas Cambric" are always on the selvedge.



ATTRACTIVE TEAGOWNS AT SPECIAL PRICES.

ADAPTED from the newest Paris Models and made in our own work-rooms from rich quality materials.

ATTRACTIVE TEAGOWN in very heavy Crêpe-de-Chine or rich quality charmeuse, with new large square collar and revers of white georgette, long warm sleeves and finished at waist with wide sash to match. In black and a good range of colours.

Price 6½ Gns.

Also in chiffon velvet in black and colours.

Price 7½ Gns.

MEN'S KHAKI SOCKS

Light and Dark Shades, with double toe, 4/11
6 for 22/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
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Fashionable FUR COAT

for the
Coming Season.

"ANNETTE."
Distinctive Short Coat of Russian Pony Skin, very fine Moiré Skins. Trimmed natural black Musquash.

47 Gns.

Full length Pony-Skin Coats, with Skunk Opossum Collars, from 29 Gns.

Pure Silk Hose, in Black, 11/9
with double garter tops, per pair.
10 inch, 12/3

You can always depend on your requirements by post being attended to promptly by a staff of experienced assistants.

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BADGE BROOCHES OF ALL REGIMENTS

can be supplied in Gold and Enamel from £2 5 0, or set with Diamonds, up to £30.



Solid 15-ct. Gold and Enamel, £3 18 0
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Solid 18-ct. Gold & Enamel, £5 10 0
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NEW
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

Solid 18-ct. Gold and Enamel ... £3 0 0
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OLD
JEWELLERY
PURCHASED
FOR CASH.



"La Naturelle"

The new French Toupet, with a NATURAL PARTING which has brought us untold fame as Pioneers, stands alone for its elegance and charm. Made entirely of superfine wavy hair.

Price from 4 Guineas.
Full Transformation from 12 Guineas.

(The "Times" system of instalments is available.)

Write for CATALOGUE DE LUXE or
call and interview Mons. GEORGES.

"La Naturelle"

Maison Georges

40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1.

GOOCH'S

VOGUE & VALUE

IN FURS

Gooch's Specialisation on Dress shows to remarkable advantage in their magnificent display of Furs at moderate prices.

This illustration furnishes an example of the most *exclusive* wear. An exceptional offer in the light of the prices ruling elsewhere.

Model Coat (as illustration) in Sable Squirrel, exceedingly light in weight. Skins worked in the most graceful style; large cape collar. Finished at waist with narrow sash of its own fur. Handsomely lined with Oriental paisley satin **£230**

Instances of the inimitable opportunities at Gooch's in quite moderate-priced wear, can be seen in—

Six Seal Coney Coats. Of elegant lines, with large collar and two slip pockets. These are beautiful bright skins, and handsomely lined through with paisley satin, **18½ Gns.**

Natural Musquash, Seal Musquash, and Nutria are to be had in various handsome designs at practical prices ranging from 23 Guineas to 35 Guineas. One extremely fine Coney Coat at £37 is another great bargain.

Every intending buyer of Fur Sets should first visit Gooch's.

Gooch's Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3



Robinson & Cleaver's

Blouse

Modes



No. SK 9. Tailor-cut shirt in good quality Japanese silk, well-fitting turn-over collar. 13 to 14½ O.S. 2/- extra.

24/9

No. SK 2. Blouse in silk georgette, new roll collar, turned over in contrasting shades. In a variety of colours. 13 to 14½ O.S. 2/- extra.

42/-

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., The Linen Hall, Regent St., LONDON, W.1.

Revillon Frères

LONDON LTD.

180, Regent Street.
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Furs

BY APPOINTMENT



TO HM THE QUEEN.

ESTABLISHED 1723



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)



Lista

The dominating characteristics of "LISTA" Pure Silk Shirts are:

Quality and Originality.

The Silk is the finest shirting loomed, and whether for Officers' Khaki Shirts or ordinary wear, cannot possibly be surpassed. ♦ ♦ ♦

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns, and look for "Lista" stamped on selvage. Wholesale only: LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.



HUNT & ROSKELL, Ltd.

By Warrant of Appointment
to His Majesty The King.

23, OLD BOND ST
LONDON, W.1.



PEARLS

A Large Selection of

NECKLACES

AT VARIOUS PRICES
Strung from Original

INDIAN BUNCHES

Selections sent on Approval.

The Unfailing Charm of Variety

The woman who fully realises the advantage of dressing well and wisely, realises that now is the time to set about the arrangement of her autumn wardrobe. She also realises that at Harrods she can be certain of securing all that is best and newest, and most tasteful. Not only can she secure everything that in these days is at all obtainable, she can also get at Harrods many things not obtainable elsewhere.

Simplicity Favoured

The gowns in evidence to-day at Harrods correctly forecast what will be elsewhere in evidence to-morrow, and the outstanding beauty of these models is undoubtedly their masterly and unaffected simplicity.

Changes in Detail

It is in the matter of details that we may look for the chief change this season. Gowns and coat-frocks of velvet gain a remarkable distinction when embellished with the new bead-necklets or bead-trimmings of Oriental colours. Pure white bead-necklets of Italian coral are being shown at Harrods, on the ground floor, in the Fancy Jewellery Department. Very distinguished is the effect of these clear white beads when worn with an afternoon gown of black velvet.

Pendants and Buckles

One of the finest collections of French Paste ornaments, mounted on dull antique silver, can be seen in this same Department. These ornaments are copies of old French designs, and worn with gowns of velvet, or a dark-coloured material, they give a very rich effect. Very handsome is an antique cross of exceptionally fine French Paste, the price of which is only 18s. 6d. Worn threaded on a black moiré ribbon, it gives a most distinctive finish to the gown.

Made by Wounded Soldiers

Quite the newest things in neckwear are the unique bead-chains shown at Harrods, which have been made by English and French wounded soldiers. These chains are of small beads of contrasting colours; they are flat and about an inch in width. To many of them is attached a small tab, bearing the name and regiment of the soldier who made the particular chain. The workmanship is certainly very beautiful, and the prices asked are from 21s. to 3½ guineas.

A Novelty in Hat - Pins

Hat-pins that serve a double purpose are amongst the novelties shown at Harrods. To those who favour velvet or velour hats, these hat-pins come as useful accessories: not only do they secure the hat to the head, they also make a novel and distinctive trimming. The head of the pin is large, and in a variety of shapes, and has a covering of small beads. And from the head hangs a fringed tassel of beads.

The Children's Hair

It is not nearly so widely known as it deserves to be that Harrods have a charming and perfectly equipped Salon devoted exclusively to the care of Children's Hair. Harrods Hair Specialists gladly advise upon the styles most suited to youthful faces (a by no means unimportant factor), and under their hands the best possible treatment is assured, and the best possible effect secured. Have the children's hair dressed regularly at Harrods, and you will lay up treasures of gratitude from the youngsters in after-life.

A Book Beautiful

Harrods "Autumn Book" is now ready, and it is, I assure you, a very beautiful book indeed. You will be wise to send your name and address immediately if you wish a copy sent you. The edition is severely limited, owing to paper shortage, and fairness dictates the sending out of copies to enquirers in the order of their enquiries.

Charming Autumn Wear on View at Harrods

The Wise Shopper knows that she can get at Harrods all that is best, newest and most tasteful

For the faultless quality that ensures absolute satisfaction, nowhere can you be better served than at Harrods



A New Idea in Marabout

Both beautiful and distinctive is this Marabout Stole, with Pockets. Available in Black, Nigger, and Natural at £59. 6d.



Lovely Teagown

This T.G. Sibelle Teagown is in a black heavy-weight Ninon of Harrods guaranteed quality. It has a three-quarter length tunic, edged with a bead-and-sequin trimming; and the gown itself is finished at the waist with a handsome bead-and-sequin trimming. Also in white at the same price, 79s.



A Dainty Camisole

Of beautiful quality crêpe-de-Chine is this Camisole L.O. 207. Daintily trimmed with fine lace. Harrods are showing it in Sky, Pink, Heliotrope, and White, at 16s. 9d. This sketch, L.O. 208, shows the Knickers to match, price 23s. 9d.



A Lovely Tea Frock

This serviceable and stylish Tea Frock, T.C. Beryl, shown in the sketch on the right, is in a very good quality velveteen, the bodice being draped, then crossed over as a sash. The sleeve is of three-quarter length, and the collar is finished with folded Georgette. Available in Rose, Bronze, Purple, Fuchsia, Grey or Saxe, at 98s. 6d.

A Slumber Suit

The Jumper-Pyjamas shown in this sketch can be had at Harrods in a rich heavy crêpe-de-Chine of Harrods guaranteed quality. They are the very thing for autumn night-wear. They are bordered with a contrasting colour worked with embroidered spots. In Sky, Pink, Heliotrope, also in White, and Black, at 89s.



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Harrods now insure you against all sicknesses and accidents. Write to the Manager of Harrods Insurance Department, and full particulars will be sent by return.

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Continued.]

the amount of power it imparts by turning it into a Bird's Custard, which will be far more satisfying than using the milk in other ways. Then, when sugar is so precious, fruits and puddings can be served with Bird's Custard, and so require no sugar, or only a very little. To blackberries and apples (the very delicious kind of stewed fruit of which we get most just now) Bird's Custard is a delightful addition; and, while the fruit does its lubrication for one part of our engines, the custard supplies the force necessary to keep the wheels going round.

The Light That Pays.

The world's wives and daughters—I fear the old gentleman is of the Mormon persuasion—are much exercised because their separation allowance of light and heat is not enough during the sun's absence. Wise wives and virgins are much engaged with replacing their old electric-lamps with Mazda. These are not only the last word, after a long and world-wide research, on the problem of making electric-light better and cheaper, but they are British, emanating from the Thomson Houston Company, Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, E.C. 4. They are sold by all electricians, ironmongers, and stores. The point about them for our present emergency is that they give such a brilliant and beautiful light for such a small expenditure of electricity. They are



When it can be done, designers bring rich black materials and jet together for evening wear. Of the two dresses sketched here, one is of panne and jet-embroidered tulle; and the other of clinging black lace with black-and-silver striped ribbon and chains of jet. The corsage flower is of lace and jet also.

drawn-wire lamps, and women who are adepts in making the best of themselves always like rooms and dinner-tables illuminated by Mazdas—they think it very eye-restful and becoming.

To Reinvigorate Tired Hair.

As one's physique gets tired in these strenuous days, we may be quite sure that our hair does not escape. It is, indeed, a very sensitive part of Nature's equipment. A woman who is an expert in keeping herself perennially young tells me that she never brushes her hair at night when it is tired, but in the morning, when she—and consequently it—is fresh. Tiredness makes it dull and makes it grey; but in Kopatine Shampoo Powders, which are obtainable at (Dept. 10) 34, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1, there is cure for these ills. It is well, if possible, to visit the Kopatine Salons for expert advice; otherwise, the Al-Khanna Shampoos can be used at home quite simply and without trouble. No. 1 Shampoo, at 1s. for five packets, gives the hair a lovely natural sheen. No. 2 Shampoo restores dull or slightly faded hair, and brings out the otherwise dormant beauty of colouring; for 2s. 6d., three packets are sent. A booklet, "Beauty from a Persian Garden," is worth sending for to above address.

American Modesty.

The war has destroyed the foolish idea that Americans are boasters. One of the most modest Americans might be cited in Mr. Page, the Ambassador whose return to the States everyone regrets.

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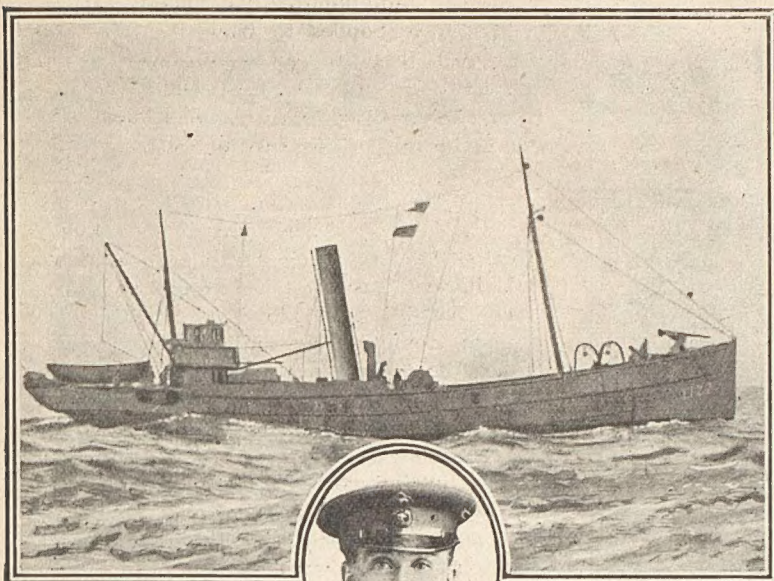
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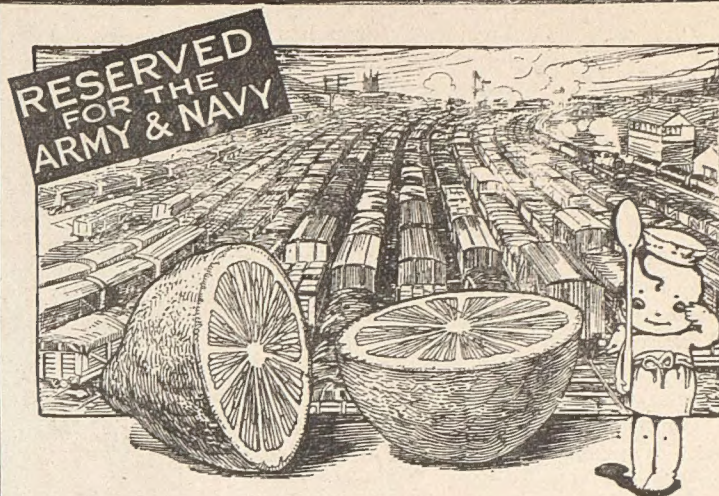
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SOCIETY GOSSIP.

The New Ambassador.

President Wilson has not been long in finding a successor to Dr. Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Nothing is more remarkable than the ease with which the United States, though it has no school of diplomacy, finds men fit to handle the most delicate questions. The Hon. John Davis, who leaves the post of Solicitor-General in the United States to replace Dr. Page over here, is a Virginian, and represents at its best the culture of a State which still reproduces many of the characteristic features of old English life. He does not carry on the strong literary tradition attaching to the London Embassy exemplified in the persons of Russell Lowell and John Hay. But it is more to the point that he is in full possession of Mr. Wilson's mind and his confidence.

The War-Work Habit.

Some people are "busy," and others work. There is a good deal of difference between the two, as those who know anything about the subject will readily admit. Lady Sondes is one of those who work, though the fact does not preclude her from lending a helping hand at a deserving *matinée* now and again. Her chief hobby, or, rather, war-work, in the most literal interpretation of the term, is the Sussex Training Centre for ex-Service men established by the British County Home-stead Association. The idea is that work on the land is the best and most profitable work for those who, through shell-shock or other causes, are suffering from



ENGAGED: LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck is engaged to Captain Michael John Erskine Wemyss, Royal Horse Guards. She has been a very active war-worker. On one occasion the King, visiting a London munition factory, found her working there. She is President of the City Children's Hospital, and interested in Girls' Evening Homes and other good work.—[Photo, Barrett.]

"nerves" and kindred ills. The Association, with Lady Sondes to back it up, is doing its level best to get arrangements carried forward as quickly as possible, but even now the waiting-list is a good deal longer than the authorities care to see it.

Home on Leave. The British Army does not give commissions to women. The French Army does things in a different way, which accounts for the fact that Miss Toupie Lowther, the well-known tennis-player and fencer of peace-time days, is now a Sub-Lieutenant in the Army of France, and engaged on work that carries her as near the front line as an ambulance-driver may go. Not many of the outside world know of the unit which, at all times and in all weathers, is up at the advanced posts, waiting to take back the wounded as they come from the trenches to the clearing-station. Miss Lowther frankly says that her brief leave home was taken partly for the sake of gathering in more driver-recruits; and anyone over twenty-three with experience in handling a car, and twenty-five pounds to spend on outfit can call on Miss Lowther at 6, Egerton Mansions, Brompton Road, and offer their services. The job is not the kind of one likely to suit the delicate, or appeal to lovers of limelight. True, the section has received the Croix de Guerre and been "mentioned" a second time, which shows that real merit is not always overlooked; but only those who don't mind hard work and plenty of it are likely to find a call worth while. Fortunately, the War has proved that few women shirk hard work in so good a cause.

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